Saturday Review of Literature

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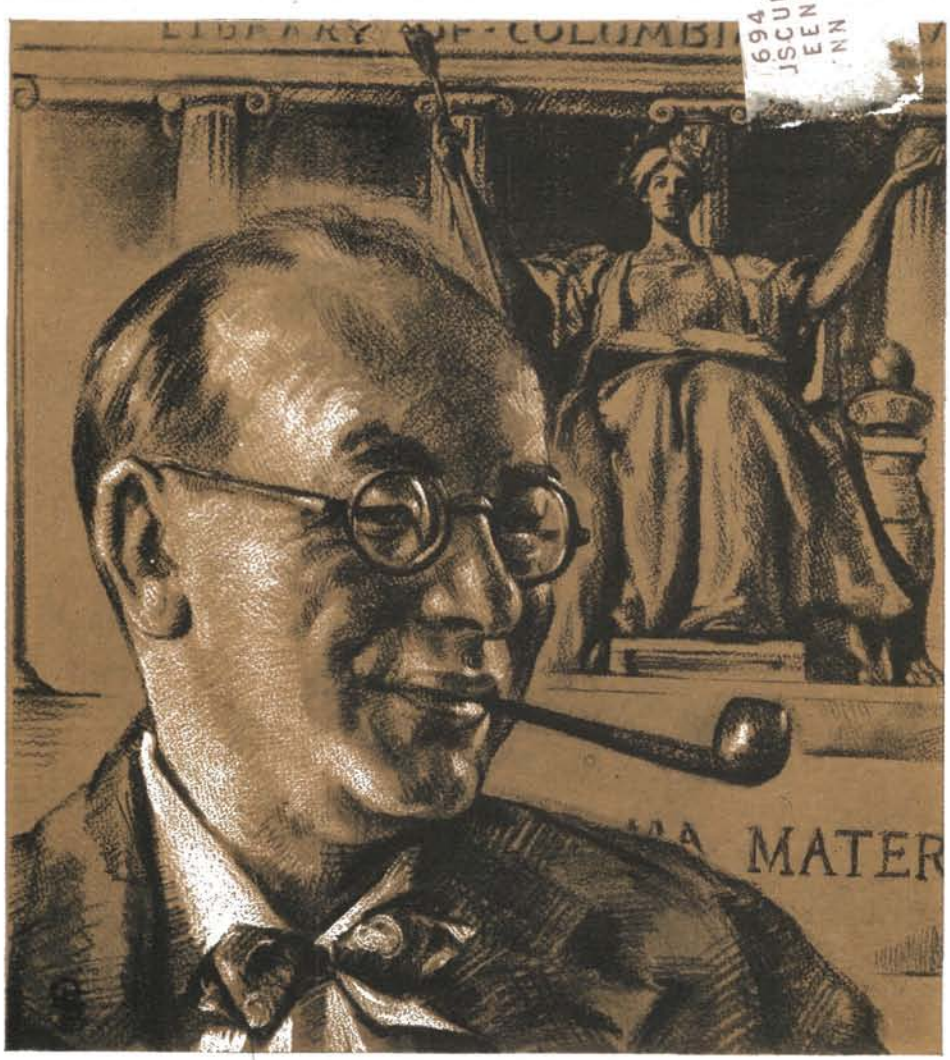

Louis M. Hacker, author of "The Shaping of American Tradition." (See page 11)

Diary of a Quasi-Libertine

By JUSTIN O'BRIEN

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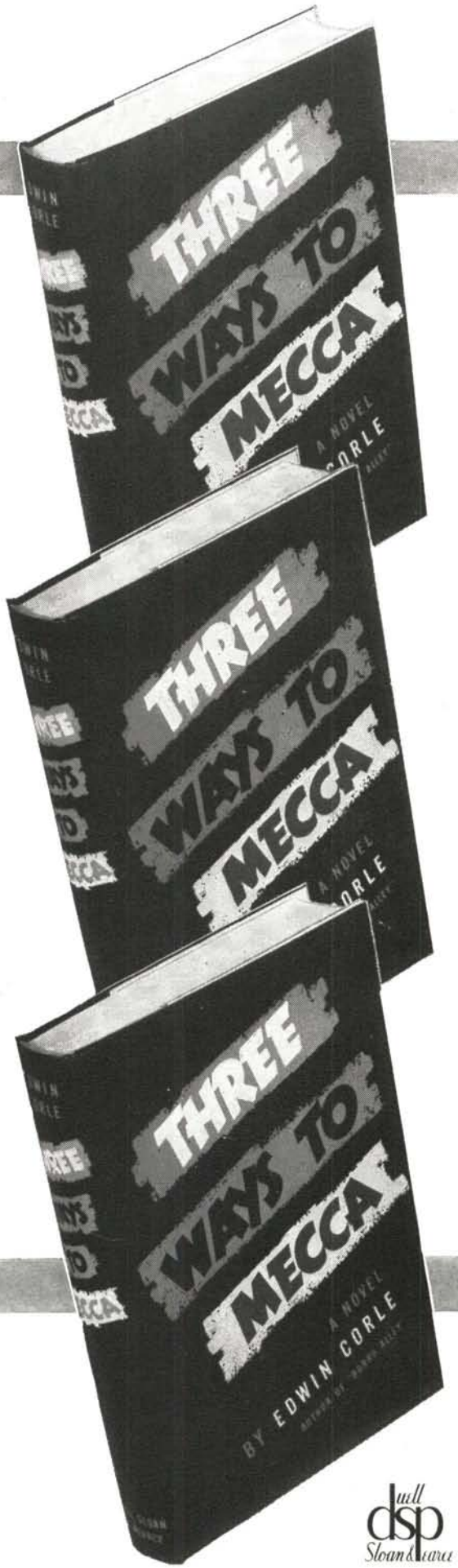

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July 5, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 27, July 5, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

THE NEW

INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

Vol. XI July 5, 1947 No. 6

Andy Blake Expected To Survive Florida Vacation With Arab

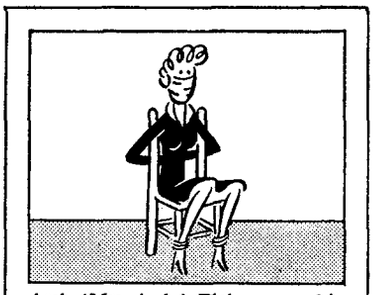
"I still hope to survive," sighed Florida-vacationer Andy Blake, "in spite of my wife Arab."

It seems that Andy arrived in Florida with a foolish and impractical dream of lying under a coconut palm and sipping a cool drink. Four years of being married to the deceptively fragile-looking Arab should have taught him different. But it didn't.

"Yesterday we passed that deserted green houseboat hidden in a cove," Andy explained. "Arab claimed she saw a woman's face at the window. She said that investigation was called for."

Investigation was *not* called for, Andy told Arab firmly. So they investigated.

"So we found this girl with the red marks on her wrists and ankles, and the wild explanations she gave us were different every time. And—but you'll have to excuse me now, I think my wife has just made an appointment for us to get murdered."



Arab (Mrs. Andy) Blake snapped in a rare moment of inactivity

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HARPER & BROTHERS

We are happy to announce the appointment of John Fischer as editor-in-chief of General (Trade) Books for The House of Harper. He will succeed Edward C. Aswell, who moves over to McGraw-Hill at the end of the summer to assume editorial supervision of Whittlesey House books.

Mr. Fischer has been on the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine since 1944; has written many striking magazine articles for Harper's and other publications; went to Russia in 1946 and following his trip wrote WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS, which was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May, 1947; was previously a government official, serving with the Department of Agriculture, the Board of Economic Warfare, and the Foreign Economic Administration; and still earlier—to continue in reverse—was an AP correspondent, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and a graduate of the University of Oklahoma.

Since the terminology of the publishing business is sometimes baffling to authors and readers, we might explain that in moving across the hall from his office at Harper's Magazine, Mr. Fischer assumes editorial direction of the fiction and general books published by Harper & Brothers; and that the phrase "general books" includes books of general interest distributed primarily through the bookstores. He will work closely with Cass Canfield, chairman of the board, Frank S. MacGregor, president, and the present staff of general book editors: S. M. Bessie, William H. Briggs, Marguerite Hoyle, Joan Kahn, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Evan Thomas.

The more specialized editorial departments of Harper & Brothers will continue as they are. Ordway Tead has charge of Social and Economic Books, including books on business; Ursula Nordstrom, of Books for Boys and Girls; Edward J. Tyler, Jr., of College Textbooks; Richard M. Pearson, of High School Textbooks; Eugene Exman, of Religious Books; David H. Scott, of Bibles; Paul B. Hoeber, of Medical Books (published under the imprint of a subsidiary corporation, Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.); and George W. Jones, Jr., of what are known as Staple Trade Books—meaning chiefly informational books designed for a long-term sale.

We extend our good wishes to Mr. Aswell and McGraw-Hill, and bespeak everyone's good wishes for Mr. Fischer in his new duties at the House of Harper.

HARPER & BROTHERS

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TRADE Winds

CORN—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

TROUBLES APLENTY are brewing for the book publishers these days, but shucks, who wants to hear about them with a long holiday week-end coming up? Time enough for all that later! Now I thought you might prefer a round-up of the more respectable yarns that have been circulating around town of late. One or two might even coax a smile from a crusty Fourth-of-July host—or guest!

A young writer with a considerable reputation on Broadway was given a contract by a powerful motion picture studio. When he turned in his first scenario, the head of the studio called for an aspirin and the writer's agent. "Get rid of this fellow quick," he bellowed. "He's such a highbrow I bet he writes failures on purpose!" . . . The same agent, back in New York, submitted a sheaf of essays to a publisher, and protested bitterly when they were rejected. "You are passing up a potential genius," he declared. "Nonsense," laughed the editor. "You're trying to make a Montaigne out of a molehill." . . . A Random House salesman, back from the wars in the Pacific, reported, "I'll never forget the day our transport landed us back in San Francisco. I hadn't seen a white girl in two years. I rushed to my girl's house to dine with her and her family. I could hardly wait to get her alone in the ping-pong room. She beat me, too—21/14." . . .

A HIGH-POWERED insurance agent talked an aging and overworked book publisher into taking out a new policy. The publisher submitted to a physical examination and then waited in vain for a call from the agent. Finally, he called the agent and asked the reason for his silence. In an embarrassed tone, the agent explained, "You may have noticed that our company doctor makes out a chart and punches a hole in it wherever he finds something that isn't just right with the applicant."

"I noticed, all right," said the publisher. "What did he do with my chart?"

"I am sorry to inform you," said the agent, "that the doctor took your chart home with him and tried it on his player piano. The tune it played was 'Nearer My God to Thee.'" . . .

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, famous editor of the late lamented *New York World,* dines at hours that seem very peculiar to his more rational friends. He recently phoned George S. Kaufman at 9:30 p.m. and inquired, "What are you doing for dinner this evening?" Kaufman told him, "I'm digesting it." . . . Margaret Case Harriman, after slaving for months to complete a revealing profile of Helen Hayes, met a dowager at a dinner party who told her, "That series of yours on Helen Hayes was a masterpiece, the most informative piece *The New Yorker* ever ran." Then the dowager lowered her voice and added, "Now tell us, my dear, what she's *really* like." . . .

A MAN WHO HAD been very poor all his life made a fortune almost overnight and began to splurge in almost every direction at the same time. One of his greatest joys consisted in inviting old cronies up to see his sumptuous new estate. "Come and see the grounds," he boasted to one of them. "I will show you my three swimming pools."

"Three swimming pools," echoed the friend. "Isn't that a bit excessive?"

"Not at all," the host assured him. "One has cold water, one has hot water, and one has no water at all."

"One with cold water I can understand," conceded the guest. "I can even see a reason for one with hot water. But what's the idea of a swimming pool with no water at all?"

The host shook his head sadly. "You'd be surprised, Joe," he confided, "how many of my old friends don't know how to swim." . . .

THE PUBLICITY department of the New York Central Railroad likes to bandy the names of famous industrialists, statesmen, and picture stars who scurry back and forth between New York and Chicago aboard the once-plushy but now chromium-yum Twentieth Century Limited. One of its most prized commuters was the founder of a more famous collection of packers than Green Bay—J. Ogden Armour, Esq.

Mr. Armour, they say, was breakfasting aboard the Century one morning when he imperiously summoned the dining car steward and demanded, "Is this some of my own ham I'm eating?" The steward assured him that it was. "Humph," commented Mr. Armour. "It's damn bad ham!" . . . From the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad (now more or less linked to the New York Central through the manipulations of the dynamic Robert

"Madam, your D.D.T."

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"From where I sit"

WITH so much chromium around, and fluid drive, and now television in bars, people tend to think that just because it is so easy to get on the alkaline side of life, they are extremely modern, more modern than anybody else has ever been. It's really a shame, they think, that Lucky Strike green, which went to war and was apparently killed in action, isn't around today to see all this wonderful, postwar modernity.

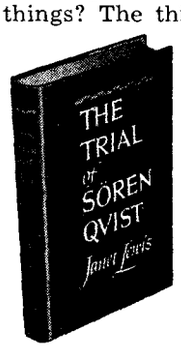
But the fact is, being modern is a very old idea, and all it comes to mean is the latest thing in any progression. "So the old pastor is dead," he said at length. "Was it long since?"

The old woman seated herself on the bench in which she had bestowed the bread.

"Long since indeed," she said. "I was young then. Well, at least I was but in my forties, and today that's young."

Now that is a typical kind of statement these days. Anyone knows that forty isn't old these days. But that statement happens to have been made in *1646* in Denmark.

This is the sort of thing that good writing is able to bring out—it is able to take something that happened centuries ago and breathe life into its velvet doublet. JANET LEWIS does just this on every page of **The Trial of Sören Qvist.** I gave you the plot of it several columns back, and maybe by now you've picked up a copy. If so, don't you agree with me and with the reviews that she has done a magnificent job here—never over-elaborate, always choosing the most graphic word for things? The thing I liked the best, aside from the story itself, is her way of not letting historical description stick out all over the place. Everything seems to fit naturally, and that's what makes it all seem so modern.



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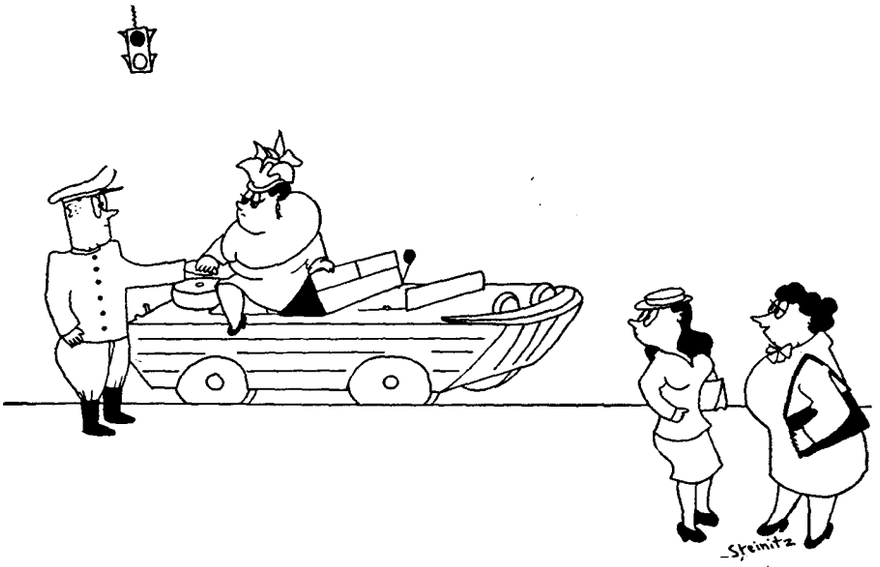
DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary



"Mrs. Koozens lives just across the river in Jersey."

R. Young) comes a story of a millionaire who bought a large estate near a tiny whistle-stop station on a neglected branch line. From Sears-Roebuck he ordered a prefabricated chicken coop, and when he received word that it had arrived, set out in a truck with his butler to bring it home. No one was about when he spied the coop along the right of way, and he soon had it loaded on the truck. Half a mile up the road they passed a little man in blue who had "Station Master" written on his cap. He took one look and shouted, "Stop that car. What do you think you got on that truck?" "My new chicken coop," explained the millionaire. "Chicken coop, my eye," cried the station master. "That's Grigsby Junction!" . . .

HERE'S ANOTHER RAILROAD story from the more serious-minded *Santa Fe* magazine:

> A young man once found a five-dollar bill between the ties. From that time on, he never lifted his eyes from the ground while walking. In the course of thirty years he accumulated 25,916 buttons, 52,172 pins, seven pennies, a bent back, and a sour, miserly disposition. He lost the glories of the light, the smiles of his friends, the songs of the birds, the beauties of nature, and opportunity to serve his fellow man and spread happiness. . . .

LITTLE LINDA SET OUT for Sunday services in her best bib and tucker, equipped with two shiny nickels—one for the collection plate, and one for an ice-cream cone on the way home. She scarcely had left the house when one of the coins slipped out of her fingers and rolled into a drain. "Gosh darn," said Linda. "There goes the Lord's nickel." . . . A long-time inmate of an insane asylum was pronounced cured by the examining board and came to bid the director goodbye before faring into the outside world. "What are your plans?" asked the director. "I haven't quite made up my mind," confided the expatient. "I may resume my medical practice. I've also been thinking about becoming a newspaper reporter. Then, on the other hand, I may be a tea-kettle." . . .

THERE IS A SUBTLE bit in Noel Coward's superb motion picture, "Brief Encounter," that is flashed on the screen too quickly for many spectators to catch. The hero and heroine are visiting a local cinema to see something called "Flames of Passion." In tiny letters under the title appears the legend, "From 'Gentle Summer' by Alice Stoughey.' " . . . That reminds me of the producer who hired a top writer to make a scenario of a Broadway hit the studio had bought for a modest half million or so. The producer didn't like the scenario at all. "What did I need him for?" he complained. "It's just like the play!" . . .

BEFORE THESE proceedings get completely out of hand, I conclude with a story about Samuel Hopkins Adams. Sam, always willing to try anything once, accepted an invitation to a nudist party on a Fourth-of-July week end a few years ago. Describing the experience to his friends in Auburn the next day, he said, "They certainly didn't do things by halves. Even the butler who opened the door for me was completely nude."

"How did you know it was the butler?" asked Mr. Adams's literal-minded publisher.

"Well," said Mr. Adams, "it certainly wasn't the maid."

BENNETT CERF.

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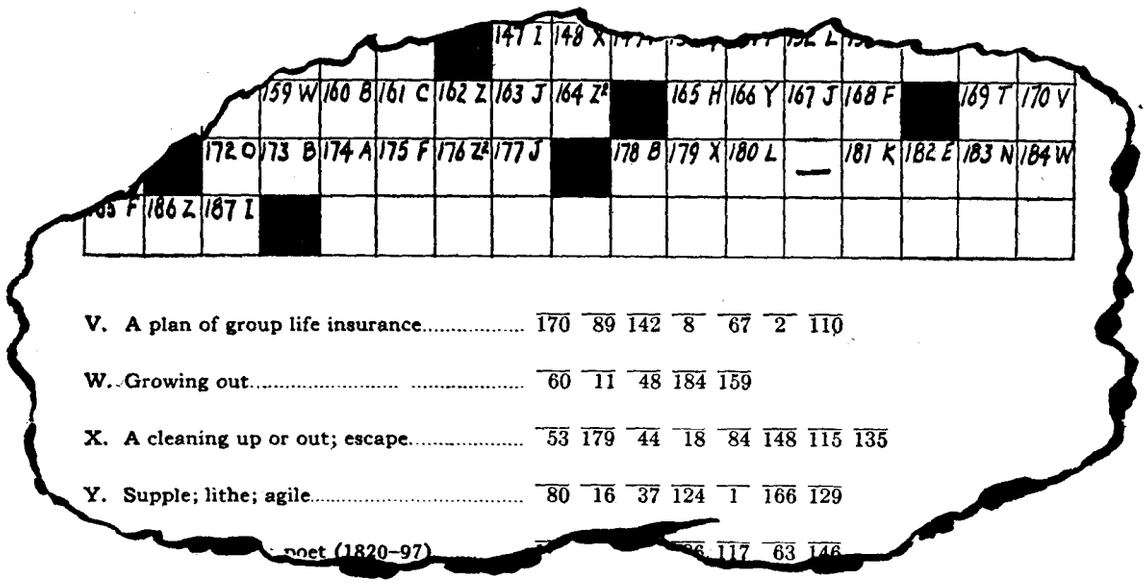

A surprise for Double-Crostic fans

(in connection with the new book of *Double-Crostics, Series 20*)

IT'S happened at last. For the first time in the thirteen years since the first book of Double-Crostics came out, the publishers have figured out a completely new way of setting up Mrs. Kingsley's wonderful puzzles *so that they are easier to read and there's much, much more room to write in.*

Above is a piece torn out of the new page, showing actual size.

We hope the thousands of fans who eagerly await each new Double-Crostic book will be pleased with this spacious new design. It makes its debut in *Double-Crostics, Series 20.* You can get your copy by sending this coupon, to-day, to your bookseller or The Saturday Review.

Condescending note to SRL readers who have never tried Double-Crostics

It will take you 3 minutes flat to learn how to do a Double-Crostic. Then you'll see why Kenneth Roberts calls them "a unique and absorbing form of entertainment" and why Dr. John Haynes Holmes says, "Mrs. Kingsley (creator of Double-Crostics) is indispensable to modern life." And you'll see why the SRL guarantees to refund full purchase price of $1.50 to anyone who, having purchased Double-Crostics, Series 20 (from any source), returns it to us because he is not completely delighted with it.

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SOME FREE SAMPLES FROM A DELIGHTFUL BOOK

SAMPLING, a technique wherein you are given a little in the hope you'll buy a lot, is an accepted method for introducing a new baby food, or soap, or cigarette. It may be a good way to introduce a book whose simple, sunny words and simple, humorous pictures speak better for themselves than we could speak for them. May we introduce EL COYOTE THE REBEL, the adventures of Luis Perez, illustrated by Leo Politi:

Overcome with emotion, with tears rolling down his hollow cheeks, and with several tumblers of pulque in his stomach, my grandfather said, " My son, you are old enough to know and to understand the sad misfortune which befell your parents. You are beginning a life of misery and must learn to face the truth like a brave little man and a stout-hearted soldier of fortune. I am waiting for my son, your uncle, to have him take you back with him to the United States."

An older boy, who knew my troubles, advised me to leave my family.

* * * *

A week after I joined the Mexican army, my captain commander came to me and said, "My lad, I am very proud of you. As far as I know, you are the youngest rebel in the Mexican army. I admire you for it."

"Thank you, Captain," I replied.

"I want to take a picture of you to use in the recruiting posters."

"I just came from the general's headquarters," said the Sergeant. "A whole lot of food is being prepared for the feast. I dare you—in fact I *command* you—to go there and steal some of that good food for us."

* * * *

"Long live the coyote who stole the chickens," repeated Pancho, while three of the men took their guitars and began singing *"La Cucaracha."*

So, from that day on I was known to my comrades as *"El Coyote."*

One evening about seven-thirty, while I was resting in my commander's tent, he came in, and after a short conversation he said, "*Coyote,* tonight I want you to go with me to *La Casa del Amor.*"

"Captain, I don't think I should go there with you."

"And why not? A man should know something about everything. Why, *Coyote,* when I was your age I was an expert at lovemaking."

"Well, Captain, I am your orderly, and I am here to obey orders. I am just like putty, and I can be molded any way to fit the plans of the day."

Once the patrolman had gone by I rolled under a barbed wire fence at the border. As soon as I saw my way clear, I started up the road that led to my uncle's house in the United States.

When my uncle came home, I said, "Hello, Uncle!"

"Hello," he replied halfheartedly.

"How is business, Uncle?"

"I have no business," was his abrupt answer. Then looking at me closely, he asked, "Who the hell told you that you could wear my hunting suit?"

The girl was about fifteen years old and very attractive. She had a well-proportioned figure and it synchronized quite nicely with her coquettish ways.

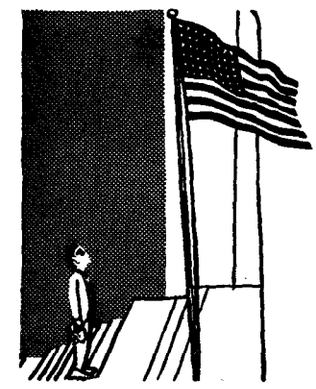
For some unknown reason, Consuelo, the daughter, fell in love with me, and to make everything worse, my friend fell in love with her. Every day Consuelo would try to find new things to show me, and would take every opportunity to talk to me.

I arrived at Albuquerque the fifth day of September at about three in the afternoon. When I got off the train, an old man greeted me in Spanish, saying, "How do you do—are you Mr. Perez?"

"Yes, señor, I am Luis—Luis Perez," I replied.

"My name is George Williams —Dr. Williams. I am the dean of the school. Have you ever been in school before?"

"Yes, señor, about a week when I was nine years old."



I was glad to go to Los Angeles, to enter the seminary.

At the door, a jovial, fat, colored guard, patted my shoulder and said, "Congratulations, mistah, now you is an American citizen. Yeah, suh—you is one of us."

When I stepped out of the building I happened to glance to the right, and high on top of the steel mast the flag of my newly adopted country proudly waved with the breeze.

EL COYOTE THE REBEL

Recollections of a Reluctant Man of Action

By LUIS PEREZ

Illustrated by LEO POLITI

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Diary of a Quasi-Libertine

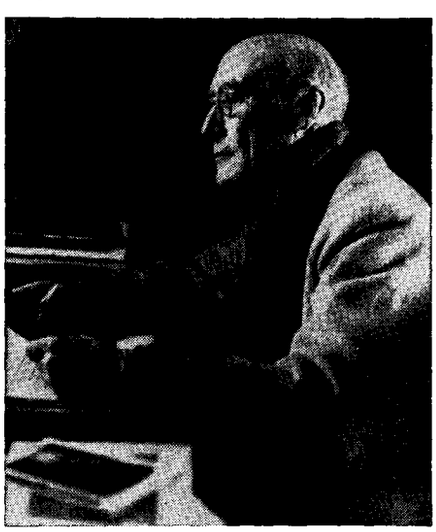
JUSTIN O'BRIEN

WHEN, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, André Gide began keeping his first journal, he already intended to be a writer. Indeed he was even then elaborating his first literary work, a symbolic prose-poem interspersed with poetry, which in recounting the conflicts of his awakening to life was to draw heavily upon that journal. His often-interrupted formal education was drawing to a close, for he had left the strict and pious Protestant school, which had once mortified his family by expelling him, and had even signed up at the University with a vague intention of working for an M.A. He was living in his native Paris with his widowed mother and Aunt Claire, who still treated him as an irresponsible child. Once a week he lunched with Miss Anna Shackleton, the Scottish spinster who after tutoring his mother as a girl in Rouen had become her lifelong companion, and with her he practised his faltering German. Every day he played his beloved piano for hours. The summers he spent at the family estate not far from the sea in Normandy walking with his cousins, perfecting his technique at the piano, patiently herborizing with Anna Shackleton, and voraciously reading. Already versed in the French classics, he was during the next few years to discover Baudelaire and Verlaine, Dante and Goethe and Shakespeare, and the German philosophers.

But his inseparable companion—even more frequently opened than his piano, even more essential to his spiritual life than his cousin Emmanuèle, whom he was already planning to marry—was the Bible. All his thoughts were interpreted in the light of the Scriptures. If he "anointed his literary style with music," if he even dreamed of "writing in music," that style had already received its basic form from the Bible.

A tall, well-built youth, André Gide was inordinately austere and painfully shy. His upbringing had developed in him an excessive sensitivity and feminine grace. His hair fell below his ears almost touching his stiff collar; his cheeks were covered with a soft down that was soon to become a full beard. Hypnotized by his keen dark eyes, everyone but Oscar Wilde failed to notice his full sensual lips and fine aquiline nose. He dressed with a somewhat antiquated elegance, preferring soft, flowing bow ties, a loose cape, and a broad-brimmed soft hat.

Such was the young man whose uncompromising intellectualism and devout faith rather embarrassed the other disciples at Mallarmé's charmed gatherings each Tuesday evening in the early Nineties, or in the more social salon of the poet Heredia where, amidst literary discussion, his friends Pierre Louys and Henri de Régnier courted their future wives among the poet's daughters. The Symbolist Movement was at its height: the poetry of Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Laforgue, and the teachings of Mallarmé were forming the taste of a generation; little reviews and new theories of versification were rapidly multiplying; Schopenhauer was the rage and Nietzsche was beginning to be discovered; Wagner's music (against which Gide was perhaps the only one to revolt) made the young swoon at concerts and led to endless discussions of new art forms; painters like Gustave Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, and Odilon Redon were producing literary allegories and painting symbolic visions; the art theatres were stirring audiences to ecstasy and indignation with novel and ambitious works that were most often singularly undramatic. From Paris the electric current flashed to *avant-garde* groups everywhere: in Italy Gabriele d'Annunzio recognized the call and subscribed at once to the new *Mercure de France;* Oscar Wilde, Whistler, George Moore, Aubrey Beardsley, and others came over frequently from London and took back ideas for their own *Yellow Book;* the young Maeterlinck came down from Brussels and was hailed in Paris as a second Shakespeare; in provincial Montpellier Louys met the young Paul-Ambroise Valéry and sent him to Gide in Paris.



André Gide: "[My] asceticism was such that in the beginning I had to force myself toward joy."

In this world André Gide moved stiffly and cautiously. With his friends he started several little reviews and contributed to others, sometimes as far away as Liège. He shared Mallarmé's conception of the nobility of the artist and the sacrifice of everything to the work of art. His first works were poems in prose and in verse, symbols in limited editions and without name of author, legible only to the initiate.

MOST appropriately, his journals for these first years are concerned principally with himself. Notes on his reading, travel, diaries, records of conversations with friends (that play such a large part in the later journals) occupy but few of these pages devoted almost exclusively to self-scrutiny and dreams, to philosophic hes-

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—*From "All Men Have Loved Thee."*

itations and emotional unrest, to gropings after a rule of conduct and amorphous plans for future creation. The will figures importantly in those early years and he seems never to have faltered in his intention; in January 1890 he notes:

> My pride is constantly being irritated by a thousand minute slights. I suffer absurdly from the fact that everybody does not already know what I hope some day to be, what I shall be; that people cannot foretell the work to come just from the look in my eyes.

Fifty years later, when for the first time André Gide made his complete journals widely accessible, the text (despite the passages removed for incorporation into other works and the suppressions) ran to over 1,300 pages. The author had become a great figure of European letters, and his reputation as novelist, dramatist, literary critic, and essayist was equaled only by the immense legend built about his name by unscrupulous critics and uncritical admirers. The *Nouvelle Revue Française* he had founded in 1909 had for thirty years occupied the forefront of modern literature, serving as a model for literary reviews in England, Germany, and America and molding literary taste more effectively than had publicity, prizes, and academies. The fifteen volumes of André Gide's "Oeuvres Complètes," though they did not include anything published since 1930, still bore impressive testimony of a full literary life. His influence, perhaps the most widespread in France since that of Baudelaire, had been deeply felt by such academicians as Jacques de Lacretelle, François Mauriac, and André Maurois, and eagerly accepted by the Nobel prize winner Roger Martin du Gard besides contributing significantly to the formation of such younger writers as Julien Green, Malraux, Saint Exupéry, and Giono. Outside the frontiers, it had touched Aldous Huxley and T. S. Eliot, Rilke, Thomas Mann, and a host of younger writers.

Like any original thinker and artist, Gide early began to scandalize. His contemporaries were shocked when he returned from his first trip to Africa in 1895 and mocked them in the first of his ironic works, "Paludes," that brilliant satire on banality and moral stagnation written with special reference to the literary circles he knew so well. But already before he started out in the autumn of 1893, André Gide sensed—as is evident from his leaving behind his familiar Bible—that this trip was to effect more than his conscious break with symbolism, indeed that it was to mark the great turning-point in his life. Doubtless this would have been so even if he had not fallen ill at Biskra and approached death so closely that his long convalescence seemed a resuscitation. For without the resultant discovery of the value of life and of that ardor which gives life its zest, he would nevertheless have learned the secret of his tormented nature. But the escape from death, the self-identification with Lazarus, helped form the resolve not to stifle his unorthodox inclinations.

UPROOTING himself then from his entire past, he attempted to resolve his vital conflict by suppressing all that education, in the broadest sense, had added to nature. But how difficult this was for such a man one can realize from the capital entry in his journals for 10 October 1893 with its revealing remark: "Yet the habit of asceticism was such that in the beginning I had to force myself toward joy. . . ."

After such an experience, it is but natural that the work which followed "Paludes," entitled "Les Nourritures Terrestres," is a handbook of revolt and a hymn to freedom. Breaking forth from the cloistered walls within which French literature was becoming ever more hermetic, André Gide instinctively voiced the message of Nietzsche and Walt Whitman and expressed more emphatically than had Pater or Wilde the doctrine of supreme individualism. While the very popular Maurice Barrès was teaching the need of rooting oneself firmly in one's native soil and keeping close contact with one's traditions, André Gide exhorted his reader:

> . . . and when you have read me, throw this book away—and go out. I should like it to have made you want to get away—away from anywhere, from your town, from your family, from your room, from your thought.

As the "Journals" clearly indicate, the *fin de siècle* combination of persuasive prose and ejaculatory verse that made up "Les Nourritures Terrestres" failed to reach a large public in 1897 when the work first appeared. But the fact remains that, in addition to marking the turning-point in its author's career, it struck the note of the future since, twenty years later, this little book preaching the cult of unrest and ardor with the attendant glorification of desire and spontaneity came to be the chief agent of that Gidian influence which to conservative critics has seemed nothing less than diabolical. It is dangerous indeed to describe "the savage and sudden savor of life" and to urge people to "act without *judging* whether the deed is good or evil." Many youths found in this volume a justification for indulging their worst instincts but this is perhaps the inevitable result of freeing people. Had they shared the author's background, they would have been aware also of a more sober current in the book and noted the exhortation: "Let everyone follow his inclination . . . provided he go upward." In recent years André Gide himself has judged the work harshly on the basis of style and because of the misunderstandings to which it has given rise. But as the journal-entry for 18 April 1928 states:

> My writings can be compared to Achilles's spear, with which a sec-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Core of Democracy

THE SHAPING OF AMERICAN TRADITION. By Louis M. Hacker. New York: Columbia University Press. 1947. Vol. I, 576 + xxiv pp. Vol. II, 672 + x pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by RALPH H. GABRIEL

IN THE shaping of the tradition of Columbia University the course called Contemporary Civilization offered to first- and second-year students in Columbia College, has long played an honorable role. "This book," Mr. Hacker notes, "has grown out of the requirements [of this course] . . . more particularly of [its] work in the second year." The organization of the book is a workmanlike job. Running throughout, a brief summary of American history, broken into introductions to the several sections, provides the narrative thread. Grouped under each section—"The American Mind," "The American Scene," "American Problems," and "The United States and the World"—are the original documents, forming an anthology of writings culled from the materials left behind by the men of more than three centuries. These are the body of the book. Short, special introductions, mediating between the illustrative documents and the summary narrative, illuminate both. Well chosen selections, some of the most useful being the most unusual, not only enrich the narrative but give a sense of first-hand observation of vanished scenes and of the urgency of debates long since concluded.

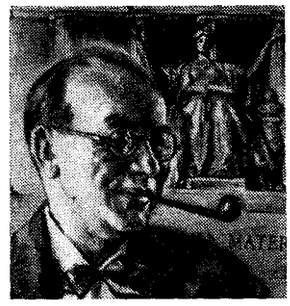
Mr. Hacker, like the playwright who speaks his own prologue, sets down in a general introduction those items which seem to him to comprise the essential qualities of American civilization. "Americans," he remarks, "have always been convinced of the unique quality of their civilization." He proceeds immediately to a discussion of the hypothesis of Frederick Jackson Turner's theory that the origins of American communities on a wilderness frontier explains the uniqueness of our country. Mr. Hacker takes a middle ground on the Turnerian doctrine:

> . . . the frontier theory [he says] is only a partial explanation of the American way of life. This is of richer stuff, and it is well to examine, at this point, the other contributory factors that have had their effect.

He then gives us, in well-argued paragraphs, what he conceives to be the elements that comprise the core of the American tradition—religious freedom, freedom of enterprise, the weak state, equality of opportunity (the ideal beneath our elaborate educational system), the strength of the middle class, the democratic political institutions of the United States (which have emphasized natural rights, separation of powers, and federalism), and parties and pressure groups. These customs and institutions are, indeed, the historic fundamentals of the American way of life. Knit together in our culture they have enabled a vigorous people to express its genius. But do these fundamentals create a unique civilization? If one omits the characteristic of the separation of powers in government and gives less emphasis to the doctrine of natural rights, Mr. Hacker's list would describe equally well the core of the civilizations of Canada and of Australia. In each of these countries, moreover, the influence of a frontier in the development of a national way of life may be well expressed by Mr. Hacker's position on the Turner doctrine. To set forth and describe the aspects of American tradition that are unique requires a subtler analysis than he provides.

The main body of the work, however, emphasizes the unique in our culture, primarily in the sense that the tradition of any people is its own remembered past. Mr. Hacker, within his space limits, has made an outstanding achievement in illustrating and interpreting our social and economic history. His materials dealing with critical events and key policies in the foreign relations of the United States are well chosen. But the fact that his subject is the national tradition calls to mind that one of our most marked traits as a people is the tendency to exalt our national heroes as symbols of national values and aspirations for later generations. This characteristic of ours Mr. Hacker completely ignores in his dismissal of Washington with scarcely half a dozen perfunctory sentences. Nor would any man of another culture studying American civilization for the first time through these pages ever guess the importance of Lincoln.

Partly due to space limitations the sections included under "The American Mind" are disappointing. The



THE AUTHOR: Manhattanites glimpsing a rotund, little man, gaily beret-ed and bow-tied, bicycling with an eleven-year-old girl, might not identify them as Louis Hacker, associate professor at Columbia since 1935, and daughter. The author of "United States Since 1865," "United States—A Graphic History," "American Problems of Today," "Triumph of American Capitalism" (August Executive Book Club choice), "U. S. and Its Place in World Affairs," and the current work, is a far cry from pedantry. He was born in New York City of Austrian immigrant parents, attended Brooklyn schools, saw only ailanthus vegetation until he was thirteen. In 1918, he tabled Columbia curricula to study Protestant and Episcopal missions to Northwestern Indians as assistant with Charles A. Beard's Municipal Research Bureau—"a damn mysterious assignment." Back to college in 1922, he won a $500, nationwide Knights of Columbus essay contest, chalked off some debts, got his B.A. and M.A. Turning in 1,500 words daily on diverse topics to the New International Encyclopedia for two years thereafter, he "learned to write." Unemployment followed. He tried office work, hated it, quit—in 1929. The next thirteen years he slugged away at "the hardest job in the world—the complete earning of a living [literally] from the pen." He's written for every encyclopedia in the country, metropolitan newspapers, most literary magazines. He teaches economics and Contemporary Civilization on Morningside Heights and at the New School for Social Research, is Book-of-the-Month Club and publisher's adviser, co-editor of the American Economic Series, itinerant lecturer, and frequent Information Please expert. He likes football, the Giants, bridge, good talk. Mrs. Hacker is family relations instructor at Teachers College. Mr. Hacker seems an unusually happy man.

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great figures Edwards, Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Dewey are here. Pragmatism, however, important as it is, is not the only significant philosophy in twentieth-century America. The recent publication of his papers has established Peirce as a key figure in recent thought. An emphasis on Peirce would have led naturally to a consideration of science as an expression of the American mind. The accumulation of scientific knowledge and its application through technology to the affairs of life have together made up a force second to none in the shaping of the American tradition, particularly in the last hundred years. Such material is indispensable not only to an understanding of twentieth-century America but to an explanation of why the atomic revolution that shook the world in 1945 should have originated in the United States.

Mr. Hacker concludes his discussion of the shaping of American tradition with the eve of Pearl Harbor. He thinks of the tradition in terms of three revolutions: that of 1776, that of 1861-65, and that of the New Deal. Each of these in its own way served the ends of individualism and of equality of opportunity. As time runs on and historical perspective lengthens, the third of these revolutions is seen to fall between two others, one outside and one within the United States. In 1917 Soviet Russia emerged, and in 1945 atomic energy was brought under control. Yet Russia does not appear in the twentieth-century sections dealing with the United States and the world, and there is no discussion of the scientific and technological advance in America that made the atomic bomb possible. These two world events—the October Revolution and the fission of the atom—provide a frame of reference which the anxious student of today needs to assist him in evaluating what Mr. Hacker calls the third American revolution.

Unique as it is in many important respects, American civilization, like that of Canada or Australia, is, after all, an aspect of the larger tradition of Western Europe. Most of the basic forces that have shaped European civilization—the rise of science, the growth of nationalism, and the progress of collectivism—have had their counterparts in America. The time has come when it is necessary for the purposes of understanding to think of the shaping of American tradition in world, as well as in local terms.

Ralph H. Gabriel, Sterling professor of history at Yale University, is the author of "The Course of American Democratic Thought."

"Everything Is Everywhere"

ESSAYS IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Alfred North Whitehead. New York: Philosophical Library. 1947. 342 *pp.* $4.75.

Reviewed by WALTER T. STACE

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD seems destined to be remembered as one of the great philosophers of all time, to rank among the immortals of the modern world, Descartes, Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel. Yet most of his work is so highly technical that it can scarcely be made intelligible except to experts. Perhaps his two outstanding doctrines can be fairly simply stated. One is that the world is through and through organic, not mechanical. Since the age of Newton the world has been supposed to be a vast machine, the parts of which are smaller mechanisms. According to Whitehead the world is an organism, and even its smallest parts, called electrons and protons, are organisms. They are in some sense alive, though not conscious, being composed of blind "unconscious feelings." There is no such thing as dead matter. The other doctrine is that "everything is everywhere," meaning that the influence of even the minutest entity, which we locate as being "here," actually spreads throughout the whole universe, all parts of which are therefore interlocked and interwoven. To the proof of these theses Whitehead brings a vast array of evidence from physics, mathematics, art, morals, and religious feeling.

The present volume consists of a series of reprints of some of Whitehead's minor writings from 1912 to 1939. They include papers which fall under four heads, personal and autobiographical, educational, scientific, and philosophical. The scientific and philosophical are for the most part highly technical, but the personal and educational are of general appeal. None of them adds anything to our knowledge of Whitehead, nor do they include any of his best work. Thus for those who wish to make a first entrance into the thought of Whitehead, this book is not a suitable gate. What can be said for it is that those who are already confirmed admirers of Whitehead will be glad to have these stray papers collected. This applies especially to the autobiographical essays which afford, besides information about Whitehead, fascinating glimpses into a vanished world of country parsons and squires of late Victorian England.

The educational essays are also provocative and thoughtful, stressing the importance of combining the guidance of the past with zest for the adventurous and new, as well as the importance of providing abstract ideas with concrete applications to life.

Of course everything that Whitehead writes, even the most trifling reminiscence, bears the authentic stamp of the man's genius. Apart from the profundity and novelty of his thought, the style of his writing expresses genius. Not that it is elegant. He is no stylist in the everyday sense. Indeed his sentences are often careless, clumsy, broken-backed, and at times even ungrammatical. But their very uncouthness gives the impression that the depths are breaking through. A strange twist of phrase puts some common matter in a light wholly new. He sees suggestive analogies between remote things which no other man would bring together. Yet he is likely to remain a writer for the few.

Walter T. Stace, professor of philosophy at Princeton University, wrote "The Destiny of Western Man."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 211

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 211 will be found in the next issue.

LALCBFDL EG KPL HPELM

SLCGFDNRL, KPL PLCF, FM

PEG FTD QNSKEGO, PEG FTD

TLXXEDR, NDX PEG FTD

MWDLCNZ.

F. T. PFZOLG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 210

Arguments are to be avoided; they are always vulgar and often convincing.

OSCAR WILDE.

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X-Ray of an Honest Man

ALBERT SEARS. By Millen Brand. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947. 273 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

MILLEN BRAND proved his striking ability as a novelist in "The Outward Room," beyond all question. In "Albert Sears" he has created a man who haunts the mind, unlike so many characters from fiction whose life in the imagination of the reader lasts only as long as the actual reading. Mr. Brand has, in a sense, stacked all the cards, quite deliberately, against himself, for he makes no attempt to beguile the reader's emotions at any time. Never for an instant does sentimentality color the picture which he draws with such economy and clarity. Never for an instant does he make, as has been done frequently of late, cheap capital of a burning issue.

"Albert Sears" is a novel about a completely honest man. The period is 1915. A carpenter with a thriving business of his own, as skilled and honest in his craftsmanship as he is forthright in his business dealings, Sears is still marked by his frontier youth in the West; city life does not seduce him, but he lives it doggedly. Himself stern, hard, unyielding, he has met his match in his bitter, childless wife, as unwilling to compromise as he. She has been confined to a wheelchair for years, and they have long since ceased even to speak to each other. Despite his rigid morality, Sears maintains a second establishment, for the warm-hearted, pretty Irish mother of his ten-year-old son. He would like to marry her, but his wife will not give him a divorce. He would like to adopt the child, but Polly, who loves the man but knows his unbending will, fears to lose little Al entirely if she surrenders her legal custody. And little Al worries both father and mother because he will not, cannot fight when he is attacked.

Sixty-six years old when the story begins, Albert Sears is quietly investing money in Jersey City real estate, building a future for little Al. When a rich and respected neighbor becomes involved in a thoroughly dishonest property sale, and the unscrupulous man whom he has worsted moves several Negro families into the building next to Sears's own house, in retaliation, public sentiment is aroused. A "committee" manages to intimidate and freeze out most of these unfortunate families, but the Manhursts decide to stay on principle. Albert Sears holds no brief for the Negro, and as a property owner he has nothing to gain and everything to lose by the Manhursts' dogged stand, yet it is Sears, in his bitter integrity who, alone in the community, gives what help he can to Mrs. Manhurst and her children during the outrages which are visited upon them by their white neighbors. It is in defending Manhurst and his friends when they are finally attacked by hired hoodlums that Sears is injured. And it is with the Manhurst children and their gang, in a great battle in a vacant lot, that little Al finally brings himself to fight the white bullies who have taunted him as "bastard" and made his life miserable at school.

In the end it is the outrage of finding a will as flinty as his own in the warm and yielding woman whom he has not been able to make his legal wife, who defies his threats and refuses once and for all to let him adopt little Al, that brings on a stroke and sends Albert Sears to his death, a lonely death, when only the old, indomitable will lives on in the paralyzed body.

So deeply has our thinking been colored, of recent years, by psychoanalytical interpretations, so accustomed have we become to neurotic heroes and heroines, to the "morally dishevelled," as one clever reviewer put it, that it comes almost as a shock to find the story of a man who asks no quarter. His creator offers no excuses, no conditioning, frustrations, psychoses as alibis. Albert Sears has brewed his own bitter cup, and not for an instant does he turn aside from it.

Most of us have known a few men like him, men of tough moral fibre who have made no cheap and easy compromises with life. We are likely to remember them, and to remember Albert Sears.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

"Never for an instant does Millen Brand make cheap capital of a burning issue."

Crucial Moment

THE WEATHER OF THE HEART. By Daphne Athas. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1947. 276 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

THE discovery of Love and of Life by "sensitive" young people has suffered so often at the hands of unoriginal, insensitive young writers, that it is a pleasure indeed to come across one who can successfully, charmingly handle a crucial, passionate first moment in the life of a youthful idealist. Miss Athas—only twenty-two when she wrote this book—has given us Eliza Wall, daughter of a dreamer, half-dreamer herself; her weaker, more dependent sister Hetty; and Claw Moreau, a despised French-Canadian boy, a wild young worshipper of strength whose suspicious ways are anathema to the stiff-necked Maine townsfolk.

Miss Athas's touch is just delicate enough, just careful enough to get her little story out without shattering it to bits. She has handled this critical time of development with good taste; she has, despite a certain eagerness which, at times, destroys her mood, created strong, vivid characters. There is a certain wildness about everything she does which vibrates in her story, communicates itself, vitalizes the little novel till it almost seems to reach beyond its scope. Claw, with the black patch over his eye and revenge in his heart, is easily the strongest character in her book—a violent young creature whose secret suffering is known only to Eliza. But there is Ulb Hatton, too—a strange kind of villainy is in this stolid, stodgy, conventional, misunderstood, and misunderstanding woman who becomes the girls' guardian after their father's death.

As for Eliza and Hetty, there are times when the author's points about them are not entirely clear—when we cannot quite get the picture nor understand the motivation as we should. But it seems to me that this is a fine beginning.

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Elemental Men in Haiti

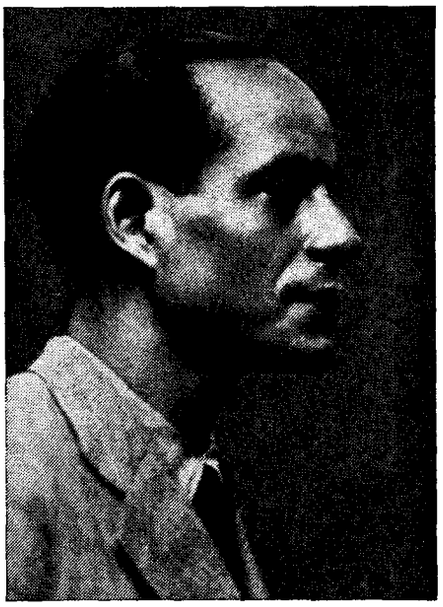
MASTERS OF THE DEW. By Jacques Roumain. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 176 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

VIOLENCE and bloodshed have characterized Haiti and her Negro inhabitants for generations, but readers of English know little more of this western one-third of the Caribbean Island of Hispaniola and its Negro and Creole peoples than they have been able to glean in passing from tourists' travelogues, correspondents' hastily written newspaper pieces, and Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." Now Langston Hughes and Mercer Cook, with commendable literary acumen, have translated "Masters of the Dew" and introduced Jacques Roumain, "poet, novelist, ethnologist, and uncontested leader of Haiti's younger intellectuals," also well-born and well-to-do, whose sympathy for the underdog and whose death almost three years ago at thirty-eight, after years of imprisonment and exile, are said to have inspired the revolution which succeeded in overthrowing the dictatorial Lescot regime.

"Masters of the Dew" is a violently but beautifully written novel about simple but violent-natured people who inhabit a region so barren and politically despoiled only violence can thrive. If the careful and almost literal translation from the Haitian-French makes the English, especially the dialogue, appear stilted and flowery, Romain's story of the age-old struggle of primitive man against Nature and bad government is, nevertheless, so absorbing as to hold one's interest throughout its 176 pages and arouse sympathy for its characters.

For here, in brief, is the story of Manuel, the elemental Haitian Negro, returned to his eroded, drought-afflicted, poverty-stricken *terre* after fifteen back-breaking years on Cuban sugar plantations, impressed by the fact that there, as well as in Haiti, workers "got nothing but the strength



Jacques Roumain is "said to have inspired the revolution which overthrew the dictatorial Lescot regime."

in their arms, not a handful of soil, not a drop of water—except their own sweat."

Instead of the harmonious cooperative farming he had left, Manuel found his friends and relatives feuding. And among the enemies of his aged parents, and therefore of himself, were Annaise, comely, virginal, and eighteen, and his villainous cousin Gervilen, who became the nemesis of both. With Annaise and Gervilen, Manuel was to have rendezvous—one with life, the other with destiny.

Manuel was a "boy who thought deep," who believed "there's no providence but hard work, no miracles but the fruit of your hands," and he found the water which was so badly needed and persuaded his people to abandon their feuding and join forces to dig the canals which would bring the precious fluid to the parched lands in which their hopes and ambitions and many of their kinsfolk had long since been buried. "Look at this single finger, how small it is," he admonished them, "and how weak that one is, and that other one isn't any stronger, nor is this little one either, and this last one's standing all alone by itself." Then he clenched his fists to illustrate that in unity there is strength.

Manifestly, this book is a Communist tract: "What are we, us peasants?" demands Manuel. "Barefooted Negroes, scorned and mistreated . . ." Nevertheless, he continues, "We're *this country*, and it wouldn't be anything without us, nothing at all. . . ." "Ignorance and need go together," remarks another character. "If work was a good thing," says still another, "the rich would have grabbed it all up long ago."

But irrespective of the sermon or your views on communism, you will not lay down "Masters of the Dew" without a feeling of deepest sympathy for the poor, ignorant, voodoo-ridden, politics-afflicted, mercilessly-exploited Haitian peasant—more than three million of him existing on only 10,000 square miles of fairly well burnt out soil, engaging in debaucheries to forget and making animal sacrifices in an attempt to alleviate his miseries.

If that should prove true, Jacques Roumain, organizer of the Haitian Communist Party, will not have exerted a well-done effort in vain.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 692)

MACIVER:
THE WEB OF GOVERNMENT

Wars, invasions, migrations, and the shifting of boundaries have made the blood of every nation a mixed blood. Cultural contacts and . . . borrowings have made its culture a mixed culture. . . . Cultural influences are undated and unbounded.

Memory's Maze

920 O'FARRELL STREET. By Harriet Lane Levy. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is one of those books in which the parts are greater than the whole. Which is to say that many of the chapters in it, separately considered (and some of them were published so), seem beautifully done. The writing is subtle and intelligent; the atmosphere, that of a Jewish family in San Francisco at the turn of the century, is alive with detail, with the color and customs of the time and just the right evocative word; the characters (father, mother, neighbors, and all) are recreated from within, out of a compassionate and intimate understanding. What is missing, somehow, is that mysterious literary leavening agent which would have jelled all of this into an organic and living whole.

It is missing. We read of father here, of mother there, of the separate universe of the family kitchen, of the atmosphere of a traditional Rosh Hashona, a glimpse of sister Polly and her beaux, another, very tantalizing, of young Alice B. Toklas, and also the music room, the synagogue, the earthquake that ended an era. And they do not add; they resist the blending of addition. There is no constant to hold the book together. Mother is vigorously dominant in her chapter, but nowhere else; and so with every other element, interesting in its place, but holding to that one place inflexibly.

Our final impression is one of moving, with Miss Levy, through the separate halls of her memory, and closing each of them quite shut as we pass.

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Titled Colleens

THE LOVELY LYNCHS. By Magdalen King-Hall. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 272 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

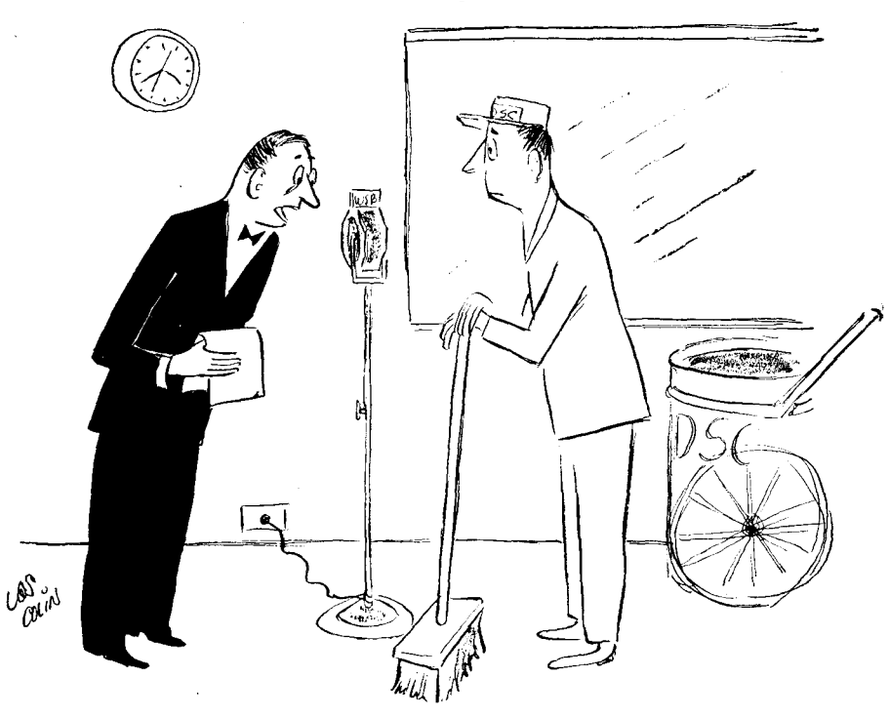
IT WAS a happy thought of Miss King-Hall's in this latest of her excursions into the realm of fancy-history, legendary-biography, to quote Edmund Spenser's peevish complaint about the fascination of Ireland —"Lord, how that country doth alter men's natures!" I suppose there have been Englishmen — Spenser himself, for example, and Oliver Cromwell, and an odd Viceroy or two—who have not undergone the change; but, as a rule, the poet's complaint is justified. Men change under that rain, thridding through those bogs, looking at that incredible, incomparable green —change, oh! not always for the better, absolutely, but for the better compared with their chances elsewhere. For proof of that, put the Surtees's Jorrocks novels against the stories of Somerville and Ross, and anything of Sean O'Casey's against "proletarian" plays by English and American dramatists. How much richer, wittier, more buxom and, even in their roguery, more likable are the sporting folk of Ireland, the slum dwellers of Dublin than their equivalents in England!

This dreamy, nostalgic note is not irrelevant to "The Lovely Lynchs"; for this darling of a book about the late eighteen hundreds in Ireland and England, in the wild West country, in Dublin, in London, in Paris, is a legend of the triumph of the Irish charm even when it is exported to something as violent, as formally brutal—though there were splendid exceptions—, as insularly insolent as the aristocratic London of George III and the Regency. The two lovely Lynchs, Dorothea and Jenny, lived in a wild home in a wild coast in County Cork, not far from Yonghal. Their father, a squireen of a good family, had little money; their mother was a niece of the Earl of Kildare; their sister, Laetitia, was "tiny, wafty, twittering, and quite harmless"—one of God's innocents. Jonathan Lynch was killed in a duel when his eldest daughter, Dolly, was rising eighteen, and from there on starts the story of the rise and, for Jenny, the fall of the Lynch beauties.

There was no chance for the girls at Cabragena House, or in the country round; Jonathan had left nothing but debts and dependents, both of which, of course, give quality to a house but are of small use towards the making of a living or the promotion of one's daughter's way in life. So Mrs. Lynch, making a little money by smuggling, takes her two daughters to Dublin, in the hope that "important" relatives will take notice of them. Poor Laetitia is left, happily, in the care of a family servant of the kind in which Ireland exceeds almost any land on God's earth—for the English equivalent is apt to be snobbish, the Scotch a shade too persistently severe, and the wonderful Negro "mammies" of the Southern states too indulgent. That may all be prejudice, but certainly Miss King-Hall's slight and sensitive portraits of Kathie McCarthy and her son Conn make one of the most musical and pathetic movements in the book.

Well, Mrs. Lynch leaves cards on the important relatives, and nothing comes of it. There in Dublin, on the edge of the great world of society, the sisters wander and watch—Dolly, calm, wise, and with a beautiful dignity; Jenny a little silly, incredibly lovely, and with a natural friendliness that would treat a prince as kindly as a forlorn person begging for alms. And a miracle occurs. A great Dublin hostess, Lady Moffat, meets these children and is charmed; and from then on the Lynchs' fortunes are made. It is no happy-ever-after story; Jenny is married first, to the Earl of Aintry, a man twice her age, ten times her sense, and a tenth of the natural wisdom she has caught from the bleak coast, the careless living, and the fierce pride of County Cork. And Dorothea falls in love with the Earl of Mandlesham who proposes, almost by accident, and is too kind to shuffle out of it. In the far end, for the story goes on to the French Revolution, to Trafalgar and further, Dolly's marriage is a success; Jenny's fails, because Aintry is a bit of a snob and a pedant.

Miss King-Hall, in her skilful telling of their story, shows all her craft in the painting of the background in London and in Paris. She catches the very atmosphere of the eighteenth-century confidence, and of the threat to it which did not so much shake that confidence as force those who believed in it to explain and defend it. Not the least of her triumphs in this book is the way in which, without any insistence or emphasis, she shows how in these years were sown the seeds of our present discontent and discomfort. There is no trace of tract or propaganda in "The Lovely Lynchs"; but properly read and imaginatively understood it can be a guide to the past mistakes of governing classes. This is especially true in her brief and poignant references to the famous mutinies in the British Navy, which give her occasion to bring back into the story Dolly's foster-brother Conn, before Dolly, now old and a widow, returns on a visit to the ruins of her old home, Cabragena House. There is in that visit and in much else of the book a gentle, unaccented symbolism which will remind the reader that this novel of a time when order was first threatened was written in days when disorder, monstrous and malefic, appears to reign, challenged only by a desperate and heroic resolution.



"Now for a speaker who knows as much about Russia as anyone in the country."

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Mr. Huxley's Personal Attitude

UNESCO, ITS PURPOSE AND ITS PHILOSOPHY. By Julian Huxley. Washington, D. C.: Public Affairs Press. 1947. 62 *pp.* Cloth $2. Paper $1.

Reviewed by JAMES MARSHALL

THIS essay has an interesting history. It was prepared by Dr. Huxley as executive secretary of the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization and submitted to that commission in August 1946. After considerable discussion, in which representatives of the United States, France, the Netherlands, and Greece objected to its submission to UNESCO as a document of the Preparatory Commission, it was agreed that it should go forward under the personal signature of Dr. Huxley. Nevertheless, it was distributed to the UNESCO Conference in November, first in mimeographed form and subsequently in printed form, with only a mimeographed note in the latter to indicate the document to be an expression of his "personal attitude" and not an official expression of the Preparatory Commission. There was no general discussion of the document and UNESCO never accepted it as a statement of either its purposes or philosophy.

Now the essay has been published and widely distributed in the United States. The only warnings to the unwary are a note on the rear of the title page to the effect that although the book was prepared by Dr. Huxley "the views presented herein do not *necessarily* reflect the official policies of the commission or the organization," and a sentence on page 41. The publishers, however, belittle these pale warnings to the uninitiated reader by stating in the blurb: "No one can speak with greater authority about the purpose and philosophy of UNESCO than Julian Huxley."

Consequently it would have been less misleading if this book had received a different title and had opened with a short statement of its history. This would have given the reader a better perspective. There would have been less chance that UNESCO would in the future be deemed contaminated by some of the ideas contained in this alleged statement of its purpose and philosophy.

Let us consider this essay now as the personal views of the director general of UNESCO. It is written in Dr. Huxley's usual clear style and with evidence of broad knowledge in many fields. No one can question the vigor of his interest in UNESCO and its many problems, no one can doubt the catholicity of his interests and his desire that those of UNESCO should be equally broad. As one would expect from Dr. Huxley, his point of departure is that of a biologist. Beginning with an overview of evolution and human progress, he evolves what he calls a philosophy of "evolutionary humanism" which he would have us accept as a philosophy of UNESCO—with special emphasis on eugenics. He is also interested in obtaining UNESCO support for the establishment of a bird sanctuary on Helgoland.

One can well agree with Dr. Huxley that "UNESCO cannot be highbrow" and that "it must concern itself with the whole of humanity, not only with the specialists, the highly educated *élite* or the privileged few." One can agree with him further that UNESCO "cannot base its outlook on one of the competing theologies of the world as against the others," that it cannot "espouse one of the politico-economic doctrines competing in the world today to the exclusion of others." Commitment to one of such theologies or such politico-economic doctrines, Dr. Huxley says, would be contrary to the charter and "essence" of UNESCO which require it to be non-sectarian; and it would be impractical, for the attempt to be sectarian "would immediately incur the active hostility of large and influential groups, and the non-cooperation or even withdrawal of a number of nations."

The attempt to find in "evolutionary humanism" a single philosophy for UNESCO, after rejecting all other philosophies, could be treated as the harmless sectarianism of a biologist if that biologist were not also the Director General of UNESCO and were not in the same essay advocating a monolithic world. He tells us that the key to man's advance "is the fact of cumulative tradition, the existence of a common pool of ideas which is self-perpetuating and itself capable of evolving." On the basis of this and because we are engaged in a conflict between the concept of nationalism and internationalism, multiple sovereignties and a world sovereignty, he comes to the conclusion that the speed of progress is related to the unity of man's tradition, that "several separate or competing or even mutually hostile pools

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FIRST COUSINS

Eleanor and Leonard Manheim, of Long Island, offer you ten pairs of well-known literary cousins. Allowing five points if you can name either of the cousins and another five for the story in which they appear, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

1. Two girl-cousins remain inseparable comrades despite the fact that the father of one has banished the father of the other.
2. This girl is passionately in love with her handsome young cousin, who is completely unaware of her feelings for him and who finds his own idyllic romance elsewhere.
3. The daughter of one sister who had made a bad marriage is taken into the household of her aunt, who had married a baronet, and finally marries the clergyman-cousin who has come to realize her sterling qualities.
4. A very correct British solicitor is estranged from and finally divorced from his beautiful wife, who later marries his cousin.
5. An orphan girl, raised by her wealthy aunt, rejects a proposal of marriage from her cousin, earns her own living as a writer, but finally comes to marry her cousin when he is ruined and blinded.
6. A consummate hypocrite encourages his cousin's attentions to his two daughters; the cousin finally jilts the older daughter and marries the younger, who later repents the match when her husband turns out to be a heartless, unscrupulous villain and murderer.
7. A young man travels to a Swiss mountain resort to spend three weeks with his cousin, then stays there for seven years.
8. A sullen and brutally treated girl marries in turn two first cousins; one is the weak and repulsive son of her father's sister, the other the brutalized son of her mother's brother.
9. When she wakes up and sees her cousin in the adjoining sitting room in the act of stealing her birthday present, a precious jewel, her ardor for him is distinctly chilled.
10. On the eve of her marriage to her cousin, an uncouth fisherman with a heart of gold, she elopes to France with a wealthy playboy.

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of tradition cannot possibly be so efficient as a single pool common to all mankind." He then concludes that the only way of achieving this common tradition is through political unification.

One may ask of the biologist what about the role played by variety in the history of evolution? One may well ask of the democrat what about the value of differences, different philosophies, different ideologies, different theories and doctrines in producing social progress? Is the only answer to the avoidance of war the elimination of all conflict?

Even if a common tradition were possible of achievement, would it be desirable? Even were political unification of the world achievable, would it be desirable on any kind of terms? Neither a single tradition nor a world state would eliminate the aggressive drives in human beings or their different individual needs and responses. On the contrary, a monolithic culture or a monolithic political world might very well suppress the expression of people's needs and responses and increase their aggression. The problem is rather to divert or harness aggression in such ways as will make possible the acceptance of differing theologies, philosophies, and political experiments. After all, states which have permitted a variety of cultural traditions to flourish have been able to maintain internal peace without the intervention of large bodies of secret police or the use of chain gangs of political prisoners or concentration camps.

The purpose of UNESCO as expressed in its charter is a limited one. It is "to contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science, and culture." Nevertheless, Dr. Huxley falls into the error of many others in looking at UNESCO as if it were to be the sponsor for all creative art, all scientific advancement, all philosophic study. It should be borne in mind that UNESCO is not intended to be a world university. Its function is limited to those aspects of the expansion of knowledge and the development of techniques which contribute to peace and security, which promote collaboration among nations in the fields to which it is dedicated.

In conclusion, this essay is neither an authoritative statement of the purpose and philosophy of UNESCO nor, as far as this reviewer is concerned, is it a statement of a desirable purpose and philosophy for UNESCO.

James Marshall is with the U. S. National Commission of UNESCO and was advisor to its Paris Conference.

U.S. a Have-Not Nation?

AMERICA'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES. By J. Frederic Dewhurst & Associates. New York: The Twentieth Century Fund. 1947. 787 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

"THIS is a hell of a big country." Americans are supposed to be a boastful race, but America in the twentieth century has probably suffered more from underestimation than from any other illusion. The Twentieth Century Fund has published this outsize volume to set forth in detail the enormous and growing size of the economic system of the United States.

The net production of this country was twenty-seven times larger in 1944 than in 1850, produced by only eight and one-half times as many workers, working only forty-seven hours a week instead of seventy hours. If the United States does not get into an atomic war or a serious depression; and if our growth, technology, and habits go on along their present lines, we can expect to produce more on a peacetime schedule of about thirty-eight hours a week in 1960 than we put out in 1944 at the wartime peak at forty-seven hours a week.

Dr. Dewhurst is not predicting what will happen in 1960. This is strictly a book of facts about American business, compiled by a distinguished group of economic experts. To give a perspective on the facts of today, as interpreted in the light of past trends, they are projected forward as far as 1960. These future estimates must be taken only for what they are, subject to the reservations carefully set down for each one. They indicate only where we point; they measure the business goals that mark the boundary between fantasy and the kind of plans that might be accomplished, if we live.

This book is already being widely bought by business men, to study for an understanding of their own industry, and to get a general picture of the great overall American market into which each business must fit. Probably the greatest value of this Twentieth Century Fund volume is that it shows how the astonishing achievements of wartime industry are no flash in the pan, but are a sign of what we can do in peace.

The distinction between our shrinking wealth and our expanding income is clearly pictured. The United States is beginning to be a have-not nation. Most of our metals, except for iron, magnesium, and aluminum from clay, are down nearly to the low-grade ores. The vast growth of production calls for more materials than we have, and we must look to world trade for fresh supplies, on a far larger scale than in the past. This fact, too, will stretch our minds to a new sense of our place in world economics.

The economic history of the past hundred years justifies the emphasis that Dr. Dewhurst places on the growth of mechanical power. Man-hour production has more than tripled since 1850, almost entirely because of greater use of power from coal, waterpower, and oil. We used in 1940 about seventy times as much mineral energy as our ancestors used in 1850, and the power per worker is still rising. But the fact may be that the Age of Power has passed its peak, and that even the atom itself may not restore the relative place of power in the future course of development. Technology has had the coal-steam era and the electric-motor and gasoline era, both of which grew on a vast expansion of power use. No doubt more power will be used in future. But in this century has sprouted the electric-instrument, chemistry, and biology era, that offers large increases of output from subtle and abstract inventions, not mainly dependent on power. And perhaps most productive of all may be the development of management engineering, adding still more production merely by reducing human strain and friction.

America was built on dreams, and the supply of dreams has not run out. This is a good book to read awhile and then start dreaming of a still more magnificent America.

David Cushman Coyle, Washington, [D. C.] consulting engineer, wrote "The American Way," and "America."

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Vendetta in the East

THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM IN THE ORIENT. By Ralph Coniston. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1947. 233 pp. $3.

NO PEACE FOR ASIA. By Harold R. Isaacs. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 287 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDMOND TAYLOR

IN THE bad old colonial days, Asia was the happy hunting-ground of the debunker. The contrast between the idealism and propaganda of empire and its sordid reality inspired a generation of Western literary travelers to rage, indignation, or cynical mockery. In the new post-war Asia, already liberated to a large extent from the shackles of imperialism, the contrasts between Western ideal and performance remain glaring and they have inspired Harold Isaacs and Ralph Coniston, both veteran newspapermen, to these two books.

Completely different in approach, in professional background, in political ideology and—seemingly—in temperament, the two correspondents covered much the same territory at the same time and not only reacted in the same way to the same stimuli but often came to the same conclusions.

Both men were shocked to see Dutch and French troops, wearing American uniforms, riding in American military vehicles and using American weapons to shoot down natives who fought in the name of the Atlantic Charter and the principles of the American revolution. Both were saddened by the dramatic decline in American prestige among the Asiatic peoples which such contradictions or loopholes in our Asiatic policy produced.

Both men agree that the peace of Asia is menaced—like the peace of the human race generally—by the antagonism between the United States and the Soviet Union and both seemingly view this antagonism as a sordid conflict between institutionalized fears and greeds, with no more significance from the ethical point of view than a gang-vendetta in the slums. Neither writer offers any feasible proposals for settling the Soviet-American power-conflict in Asia and neither has any new light to shed upon the deeper causes or significance of this struggle. Their books, therefore, make rather depressing reading and they contribute very little understanding of Asia or of Asia's problems.

—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Watch Your Hat, Uncle

What these two books do contribute to the reader is an understanding of the American and Soviet failures, betrayals, blunders, and crimes in Asia. Isaacs's book is an explicit indictment of both Russian and American Asiatic policy; Coniston's is implicit. Isaacs is a political idealist of the extreme left; Coniston appears to be just a reporter looking for copy and his sympathies seem to lie with the deposed British, Dutch, and French rulers of southeastern Asia rather than with the natives they long exploited. For this reason his casual, almost naïvely cynical observations and comments are sometimes more convincing than Isaacs's polemical fireworks, although "No Peace for Asia" is incomparably the more important of the two books.

Some of Isaacs's material is quite sensational and of real interest to the student of Asiatic affairs as well as to the general reader. His chapters on Chiang Kai-shek and the Hurley episode, for example, add some lurid detail to the already hair-raising account given us by Theodore White and Annalee Jacoby in their "Thunder Out of China." In Indochina he managed to make a rough summary with some verbatim excerpts of a memorandum from the French Communists to their Annamite comrades advising them to go slow in their revolutionary struggle until they were sure that it met the requirements of Soviet policy (the book abounds in such examples of Soviet or communist cynicism, duplicity, and betrayal).

The most sensational—and perhaps the most interesting—chapter in the book deals with the pitiful grinding of the Korean people between the Soviet and American millstones. Isaacs went into Korea with our occupation forces and his account of our blundering, fumbling, incoherent, and disgraceful occupation policy would more than justify a Congressional investigation, for it hardly seems possible that so shameful a mess could have been produced without gross neglect of duty, as well as incompetence, in high places.

Isaacs's own prescription for remedying situations like that in Korea requires a change in both American and Soviet leadership which could hardly occur without bloody revolution, certainly in Russia, and probably in America as well. Short of such revolutionary changes he sees little hope for Asia—or for the world.

Isaacs's remorseless logic can hardly fail both to impress and to depress the reader. It would be even more convincing than it is if he did not betray here and there—notably in his arrogant and quite inexcusable indictment of Gandhi as a revolutionary leader—a cultural bias and myopia as shocking in its way as that of any pukka sahib. (Coniston's book is even worse in this respect.) If Isaacs had spent more time trying to understand the kind of Asiatic backwardness which Gandhi symbolizes to him and less time sneering at it he might have discovered some truths about the West and about himself as a Western man which seem to escape him. He might have come to realize, for example, that the evils he correctly diagnoses in Soviet and American political leadership reflect the moral and intellectual shortcomings of the Russian and American common man, and consequently that the world revolution he sees as necessary to save the world must begin as a revolution within the individual American and Soviet citizen. By offering government as a scapegoat for all the sins of the individual, I am afraid that Isaacs does as much to delay as to bring about this necessary revolution.

Edmond Taylor, former French correspondent, now CBS commentator, wrote "The Strategy of Terror."

Remonstrance

(For Ridgely Torrence)

By I. L. Salomon

AS OFTEN as I have been told
to disesteem the shining gold
in favor of a wayward star
that burns to tell us what we are;
and since my dust no less refined
than darker ore as yet unmined
will be assayed its final worth
long after the compulsive earth
has it immured, I think it may
not be impertinent to say
the heart needs stars to live secure
and a little gold to keep it pure!

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"Plowman's Folly" Modified

A SECOND LOOK. By Edward H. Faulkner. Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press. 1947. 193 pp. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD

MR. FAULKNER, author of the now famous "Plowman's Folly," has written another provocative, stimulating, and controversial book. In it he reexamines, elaborates, or modifies parts of "Plowman's Folly" and sets forth new evidence. But the book is by no means a sequel or a repeat performance; it is an extension of the earlier book and stands quite on its own largely because of the great emphasis placed upon organic material as the fundamental of a good agriculture.

Speaking broadly, the book is dedicated to the premise that if sufficient organic material were restored to most American agricultural soil, the need for commercial or "artificial" fertilizers would be nullified. Mr. Faulkner maintains that most (he almost says *all*) soils contain an abundance of minerals of all kinds for healthy plant growth and that the problem is finding a means of making these minerals available to the plants grown. This, he believes, can be achieved through a combination of greatly increased organic content and proper tillage methods, to the degree that applications of fertilizers and even lime may no longer be needed.

This is a very big and broad statement, by no means wholly revolutionary, but as uncompromising as his original attack on the moldboard plow. "A Second Look" is devoted largely to reconsideration and compromise of many of the statements made in "Plowman's Folly," and I suspect that presently we shall have another book by Mr. Faulkner called "A Third Look" in which he modifies some of the statements and theories of the current volume.

Agriculture is the most complex and complicated of professions because its proper practice involves the whole cycle of the laws of the universe and because the variety of soils, climates, and conditions is so enormous not only in the world but even in this country. In laying down principles too all-inclusive one is likely at times to err.

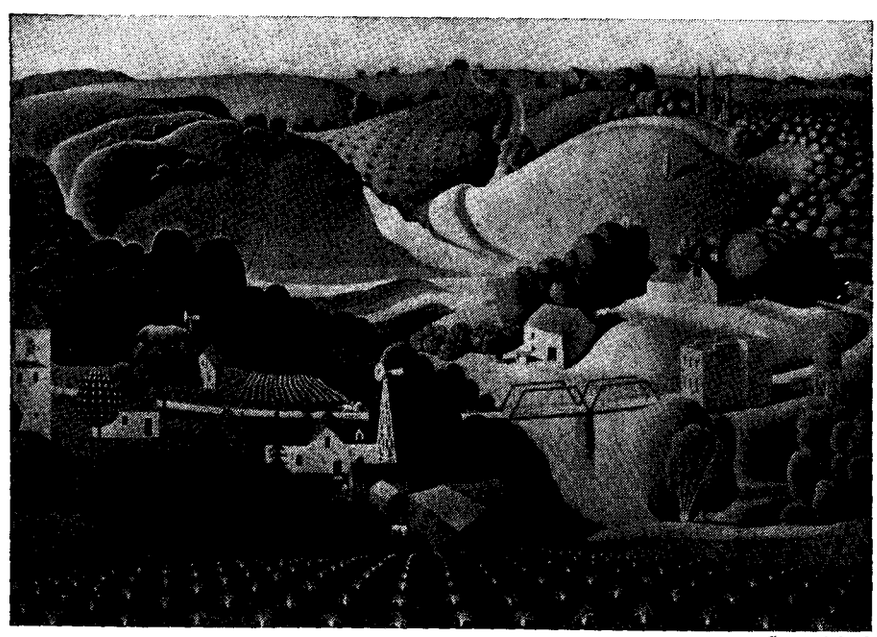
Mr. Faulkner's principal error, it seems to me, lies in his assumption that the mineral content of all soils is somewhat similar. He overlooks, I think, the fact that nature created soils in a haphazard manner, and that some soils are originally completely deficient in minerals vitally necessary not only to a good and profitable agriculture but even to the nutritional health of plants, animals, and people. Some soils, notably muck ones, are so deficient in almost everything but nitrogen and carbon, that as one country agent in Florida said to me, "Agriculture in the Everglades region is largely a glorified hydroponics where most of the minerals have to be supplied out of bags." Some millions of acres of land in the United States have been cleared of trees for agricultural purposes only to reveal the fact that they were so sandy and so deficient in many minerals that an economically practical agriculture was virtually impossible. Many of these areas are already being reforested.

Virtually the same deficiencies can be brought about on once good agricultural land through bad farming, erosion, and depletion, and while slowly and patiently the mineral content of originally good topsoil can be restored by the use of deep-rooted plants, notably legumes, and by composting, the process is too slow to be economically possible for the farmer paying taxes and interest to wait upon it. Mr. Faulkner will reply that there is still an abundance of minerals in such depleted soils but that they are unavailable. In this he has considerable truth on his side.

Out of a lifetime of experience working with soils here and abroad, I should be the last to quarrel with Mr. Faulkner's premise that organic material is the key to a good and prosperous agriculture. Certainly ninety per cent of American farms are seriously deficient in the organic materials which retain moisture, prevent erosion, promote the life of bacteria and fungi, convert both native minerals and chemical fertilizers to availability, and in general make a good, profitable, and *permanent* agriculture possible. Even fertilizer companies have come round to the understanding that organic material plays a large role in making their products available and valuable to plant life. Anyone who promotes the cause of organic material is a prophet and a benefactor in the history of American agriculture.

Mr. Faulkner touches upon many other factors which make American agriculture largely a sick agriculture both from the point of view of agronomy and economics. He touches for a moment on the factors which create surpluses—high production costs through inefficiency, low production per acre, and poor distribution. It is a rich book, stimulating, and significant of the new lively and practical interest in agriculture which is growing among industrialists, bankers, and laymen of all sorts. It asks for the answer and explanation of many facts known as such by experienced farmers which research until now has failed to provide. Its controversial character is of great importance to all of us. Out of controversy, new ideas are born and new truths revealed. The book's greatest and soundest assertion is that no sound agriculture can come into being which ignores the universal rule that all life is part of that cycle of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth.

Mr. Faulkner is easy reading, because he writes simply and clearly and is inspired by a passionate belief in the importance of what he is saying.



"Stone City." —*Grant Wood.*

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Strictly Personal

THE CULT OF THE FIRST NAME

"I AM so pleased," said Mother at dinner one night around about 1910 or so. "Mrs. Locke has asked me to call her Louise." Father, who had never gone in very heavily for the cult of the first name, swallowed another spoonful of soup, but I had a distinct glow of pride in agreeing with Mother that she had received a signal compliment. She had come in from a meeting of the Monday Afternoon Club, having walked six suburban blocks with an acquaintance—from now on a friend—of ten years' standing. Mother had met the lady in question only after she had become the wife of Edward H. Locke, and it had never occurred to her to address the young, or to my mind middle-aged, matron except as Mrs. Locke.

For me this was an early lesson in etiquette, and from then on when I heard a reference to May Morrison, or Mrs. Meredith, I knew that a distinct social differentiation was implied. To Father, the only Johns and Toms and Bills were the "boys" he'd gone fishing with or known at Amherst, before he had come to New York, got married, and acquired a family. Other contemporaries whom he had met around middle age (then about thirty-five) were always Rogers, Simmons, or Chapman, or occasionally, in the bosom of the family, Old Man So-and-So. Business contacts and even the young men in the office also had a rigid last-name status.

Those were the good old days. Taft, not Bill, was in the White House. Hardly anybody knew that Mrs. Astor even had a first name. Caruso and Mme. Tetrazzini, forerunners of Larry and Lily, sang at the Metropolitan, not yet the Met. If you referred to young John Barrymore as Jack, it was because you knew the family or had met the boy at the Players' Club. On the tennis courts, it was Bjurstedt, later Mrs. Mallory, but seldom Molla. You were distinctly "fresh" or even "nouveau" if you spoke of Tilden as Bill. It was the rough Rough Riders who had christened Roosevelt Teddy, and Billy Sunday was definitely eccentric.

The hired man, whether he hitched up the buggy or emptied the ashes or weeded the petunias or cut the hay, was invariably addressed as Miller, Ellsworth, or Rhodes, even as a butler out of Edgar Wallace. Only in the case of our friends from the Green Country was Flaherty shortened to Pat and Lennihan to Mike. Porters alone were George.

It was always Mr. Samuelson who sold you shoes, Mr. Ford who ran the grocery store, Mrs. Kelly who conducted the dry-cleaning establishment, Mr. Nagel who made you a suit of clothes, Doctor Terry who filled your teeth. Not yet had they become Ike, Bill, Bessie, Fritz, and Doc.

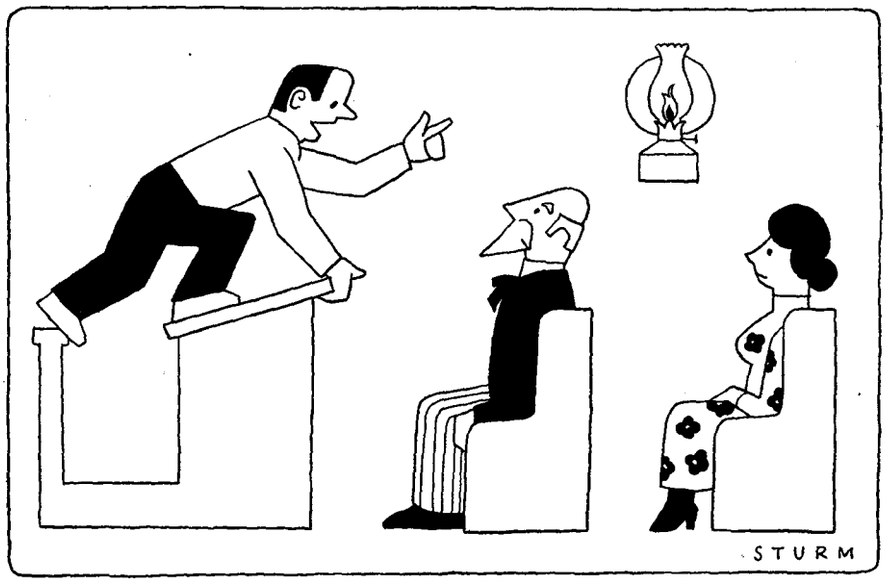
Merely on the distaff side and chiefly in domestic service did you encounter Nellie, Ingrid, Anna, Martha, and Maggie—while in England, Cook was still Dawson and the parlor maid Simpkins. Yet the laundress who came in once a week and had four children and a no-good husband at home was like as not Mrs. Mapelson, and the seamstress who supported her widowed mother expected a reassuring "Good morning, Miss Tibbetts."

A woman took pride in her husband's name, often having been known too long for comfort by her own. Wife or widow, she found Mrs. John Marshall Stearns or Mrs. Gorham Tweedy good enough to keep. Today it's Mrs. Beulah or Mrs. Emma, as if she feared to be confused with her husband, present or former. "William J. Thompson," today's paper tells us, "sustained severe bruises when his car collided with a milk truck. First aid was applied by his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Thompson."

Maybe it was the golf course that started to break down the male barriers, "Nice putt, Tom," being a good easy mouthful. Still it did not necessarily mean having to continue the intimacy in the church vestibule next day. Maybe it was the desire-to-get-ahead-in-business, and the thought that Bob would get you further than an impersonal Mr. or an outmoded Sir. "I'll tell you, Mr. Gray," said the salesman as the elevator door closed on the third floor, shifting to "As I was saying, Robert," as the car stopped at the second, and ending with "So long, Bob" when the passengers got out at street level—this may have been daring in its day, but whatever the origin, Bob, or even Bobbie, has come to stay. Homely little diminutives are no longer reserved for children. "Known to her intimates as Betty, or Pat," wrote the brazen society editor a generation ago. But today all debutantes, now debs, are Betty or Pat or possibly Billie or Toodles. Everybody is an intimate.

If the radio announcer isn't Bob, he must be Bill or Ned or Ken—just one of the boys you grew up with and have known all your life. When Hope kids Crosby, it's by calling him Harry, as he was baptized, and when the facetious Crosby wants to get an extra laugh, he insults Hope by calling him Robert.

RADIO is a ducky little club of its own. No one without a first name, or better yet, a cozy nickname, stands a chance. When you hear a chatty radio personality interview her distinguished guest of the day on the household program and coax, "Now tell us, Dotsie, how could a trim little girl like you ever bake such a great big beautiful cake?" it doesn't mean that interviewer and interviewee



". . . and Billy Sunday was definitely eccentric."

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went in wading together, but merely that in radio as elsewhere you must assume an intimacy if you have it not. Most likely the two first met in the studio five minutes before the broadcast and took an instant aversion to each other. This, however, would never do for the radio audience. It must be Dotsie and Flossie with marshmallow added.

The other night, a political commentator interviewed a newly elected Congressman on his evening program. Not content with calling him Mr. Blank or Representative Blank, he had to be Representative Tommy Blank, but so flustered was the commentator with this sudden affirmation of endearment that he stumbled verbally almost to the point of tripping.

When a war veteran is introduced at a Community Fund rally, he is always Sergeant Chuck Watson, never Sergeant Charles Horner Watson or merely Sergeant Watson. When a woman telephones her husband's lawyer, whom she has met only twice, she calls herself Edythe Murdock, never Mrs. Henry or plain Mrs. A cocktail invitation is doubtless in the back of her mind. "Modern" children are encouraged to call their parents Herbie and Eloise. "O.K., Bud" is a commonplace from the taxi-driver, while the girl behind the millinery counter injects a hearty "Dearie" whenever occasion permits. "Hi, Toots!" also has its place and, in certain circles, "Baby" has a meaning all its own. Or is it already "Sugar"?

THE eating joint on the State Highway is familiarly known as Bill's Place, Dan's Diner, or Betty Mae's, and if you want a beer it's on tap at Andy's; a forbidding Coach and Four would never draw the trade. A sign over the filling station tells you that Mac is the boss. Political aspirants bill themselves coyly in campaign literature as "Nat" and "Stan," using quotes. If it's Hank and Joe and Dave on the baseball diamond, so must it be with the sports writers and announcers. Journalists' by-lines read Mel and Roge. A mere Dick would have to suffice for Richard Harding Davis.

The cult of the first name, or worse, is so firmly entrenched both in social and business intercourse that to be guilty of a Mr., Mrs., or Miss is to take a stand directly behind the eight ball. On your second meeting with a man named Edward, it is considered definitely on the beam to address him as Ed—even if the rest of the world knows it's Ted and you haven't yet caught on. Red Lewis and Willie Maugham have a lot of close friends but not nearly as many as you would surmise if you keep your ears open at the Algonquin. Total strangers begin business letters "Dear Alden Hatch" or "Dear Mary Welch" and the implied compliment is returned. Alden and Mary soon develop if the correspondence continues. The fact that you don't even know what he or she looks like doesn't make any difference at all. It's really a cinch when you once get into the groove. In fact it's elementary, my dear Jack.

However, I think my great-aunt went a step too far in the opposite direction. Until the day of his death she called her son-in-law Mr. Smith. What difference did it make if he *was* three days older than she was—or could it have been that she simply couldn't abide the name Phineas?

DALE WARREN.

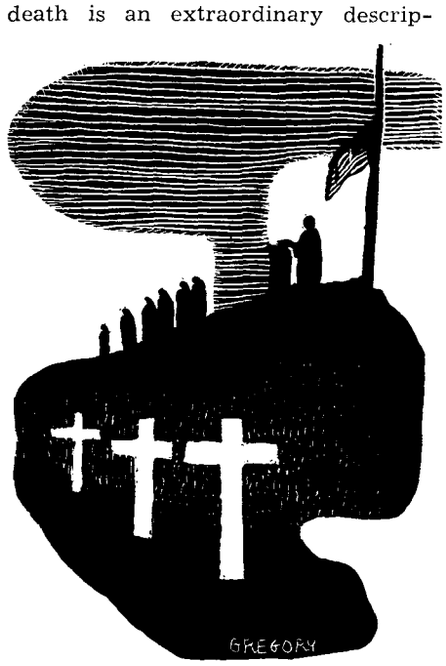
War of Attrition

THE ASSAULT. By Allen R. Matthews. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

WHEN the Marines landed on Iwo Jima, Allen Matthews and his squad were among the assault troops. Twelve days later, exhausted and ill, Matthews was ordered out of the line for hospital treatment. The twelve days and nights of Iwo Jima were doubtless as tough an ordeal as foot soldiers have ever faced. By the fourth day the squad of thirteen had lost seven men. On the ninth day only three members of the original squad were left. If the term "war of attrition" signifies nothing to you, this book will tell you what it means literally, at least for one squad of the Fourth Division, United States Marines.

Allen Matthews, who was about thirty at that time, was the old man of the squad. This ex-newspaper reporter was "Pop" to his comrades, and the extra years he carried didn't help at all in facing the strain of the campaign. Matthews's story of those twelve days of fatigue and fear, of hunger and thirst, of wounds and death is an extraordinary description of human beings in combat. This is the war seen from the shelter of the foxhole or shell crater for only a few feet in all directions. This is the ordeal of battle endured by a small group of men, unaware of strategic purpose, whose duty it was to advance a few yards, take an objective and hold it. There is no glamor, no pretty heroics. The simple realism of an exceptionally sharp observer has recorded the team work of these few men whose struggles against the enemy and an equally cruel nature give an unforgettable report of how men fought World War II with rifle, machine gun, and hand grenade.



In the landscape of this Japanese island without trees or cover of any kind tanks showed up like targets in a shooting gallery. They merely served to draw the enemy's fire. Consequently they were most unwelcome company. This was not mechanized war. It was the struggle of frightened men who conquered their fear in the closely knit comradeship of their organization. The reader will long remember many episodes, such as the rescue of wounded comrades under fire and the close combat fighting day and night. Matthews summarizes this chaotic struggle when he writes, "Perhaps somewhere on somebody's map the actions of our company made a pretty pattern against the whole picture, but what the readers of those maps probably didn't know was that it was a pretty pattern of desperate little confusions."

Matthews has written an admirably honest and outspoken description of the foot soldier in battle. Obscenity and profanity are not politely indicated by asterisks or dashes, but the crude vulgarities of these fighting men emphasize the arresting realism of this war record. Bill Mauldin's introduction is a deserved appreciation of the book that, he wisely says, "needs to be read by a lot of people, because nobody should forget about war as long as there is the possibility of war." Readers of this vivid history of thirteen men on Iwo Jima are little likely to forget about war and its misery.

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Before the Eagle Screams

THIS member of *The Saturday Review* staff has been brooding quietly for some weeks over an editorial by Mr. Harrison Smith appearing on this page titled "Let the Eagle Scream." Mr. Smith, it will be recalled, presented an eloquent tribute to the greatness of America. He itemized a striking inventory of "our blessings, our gifts of ingenuity and energy, our power to work and produce," and called for "a song dedicated to our strength and our virtues." America is going to need, Mr. Smith wrote, plenty of self-confidence, even national egotism, for the job ahead, so that we should be able to "stand unmoved and stalwart through the coming years."

Now Mr. Smith's editorial is not to be confused with the come-hell-and-fire-water school of bleating chauvinism; he is no high-voltaged proclaimer of American perfection, but a reasoning man who has a deep sense of pride in his country.

And yet, even doing full honor to Mr. Smith's intentions, we find ample margin for argument. Unless we miss all the signs, no bolstering is needed —either here or elsewhere—of national egotisms. Indeed, so well muscled are the national egotisms today that the planet itself is hardly big enough to contain them now that they are being flexed in the direction of each other. If the setting-up exercises for the next war are to be arrested, some higher quality than national egotisms may have to be invoked, if humanly possible. Perhaps wisdom or conscience, or both; who knows? One suspects that the real trouble is not national sovereignty but national egotisms — much more combustible, much more difficult to pry open.

Mr. Smith calls for songs of national greatness. They come a dime a dozen these days. The words and the music are always the same, only the accent is different. For other nations are making their own music in the power cacophony. The trouble with songs of greatness is that they are too easy to strut to; and strutting and marching are not far apart.

We should be grateful for our blessings, certainly; but they would be even more meaningful if we justified them. We have been blessed with fabulously rich crop yields—so large, indeed, that in order to keep the prices up we have casually dumped millions of tons of potatoes. We have been blessed with mounting wealth for all—so much, indeed, that we were able to spend seven billion dollars last year for liquor, and eight billions to bet on horse races. We have been blessed with imagination and scientific genius — so much, indeed, that we now know how to saturate the air over vast areas with radioactive death; but we ourselves have become supremely vulnerable to atomic attack.

What lyrics should we write for your song of greatness, Mr. Smith? Should we write that at a time when the only proper business was the business of survival, our legislators were preoccupied with the sorting of the take? Should we write that at a time when this nation had the opportunity and the responsibility to mobilize for mercy, it became fascinated with trivia? Should we write that at a time when numberless millions were going blind for want of food, we were willing to let UNRRA die? Should we write that we dropped not one but two atomic bombs on human beings, invoking the false pretext of having saved American lives, though we knew, as high American military and naval spokesmen have since revealed, that there was no military justification for the use of the bomb? Should we write that our professions in behalf of a world without barriers sound feeble and tinny against the background of a bill in Congress to impose a high tariff on wool?

Greatness is as greatness does, Mr. Smith. The proof of it is not to be found in a catalogue of abundances, but in the day-to-day demonstration of purposeful leadership; for it is not the fact of wealth that is important, but how it is used. The national balance-sheet may begin with an inventory of natural and material assets, but the final figure is always based on moral standing. Nor is greatness a reflection to be seen in a mirror; if it is to be seen in us, it must be seen by others; and to be seen it must be felt.

There is still time for real greatness. There is still time to lead the way in a vast liberation from national egotisms, still time for proclaiming larger and higher allegiances than we have yet known. An experienced hand in the development of such allegiances once wrote that "the advance of liberalism encourages the hope that the human mind will some day get back to the freedom it enjoyed two thousand years ago. This country, which has given to the world the example of physical liberty, owes to it that of moral emancipation also."

But Thomas Jefferson, who had ideas such as these about an American destiny, never counted our blessings without also counting our responsibilities.

N. C.

Philosophers

By Gustav Davidson

PLATO taught wisdom,
His pupil, knowledge;
They differed widely
Like profs in college.

Stoics and Skeptics
Followed after;
The deeper they got,
Often the dafter.

Spinoza saw God
All about him;
Hobbs explained things
Mainly without Him.

Locke pulled one way,
Hume another;
Hegel had little
Use for either.

The world to Schopenhauer
Was depraved and blind;
To Berkeley, merely
A state of mind.

Beyond good and evil
Was Nietzsche's thesis;
But he, poor fellow,
Went to pieces.

Spencer was Positive,
Bergson, Ideal;
James, Pragmatic,
Russell, Real.

The apostles of Spirit
Score those of Reason;
The in-betweeners
Are charged with treason.

What shall we make of
Such folk, forsooth,
Who argue, but never
Arrive at truth?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Inside U.S.A."

SIR: I deeply regret that a small but silly error occurs on page 29 of my "Inside U.S.A." In discussion of the separate characteristics of American states I quote a sentence to the effect that there are Kentuckians who hate whisky, Virginians who are not descended from Pocahontas, and so on. I use this as having come from a speech by Professor Kenneth B. Murdock of Harvard, the distinguished educator and literary historian. Actually the quotation comes from a story by O. Henry, "A Cosmopolite in a Cafe." Professor Murdock quoted it in a speech he delivered before the New England Society of Cleveland and the Western Reserve in 1928, a copy of which he had the courtesy to show me. Then, through a misreading of my own notes, I credited the passage not to O. Henry but to Mr. Murdock himself. This naturally causes him embarrassment. I would like to make it totally clear that Mr. Murdock is not in any way to blame for this mix-up. The fault is altogether mine.

JOHN GUNTHER.

New York, N. Y.

New Type Censorship

SIR: In reviewing "The Indifferent Children" [*SRL* June 14] Merle Miller finished as follows: ". . . but, as one of his characters says, '. . . I found I had nothing to say that Mrs. Wharton hadn't said better.' I am inclined to think that is true of Mr. Lee, too."

Jack Iams, in his review of "Fine Tooth Comb" [June 14] remarks, "At one point, a character tells him, 'Words, words, you talk too much.' Most readers will wholeheartedly agree."

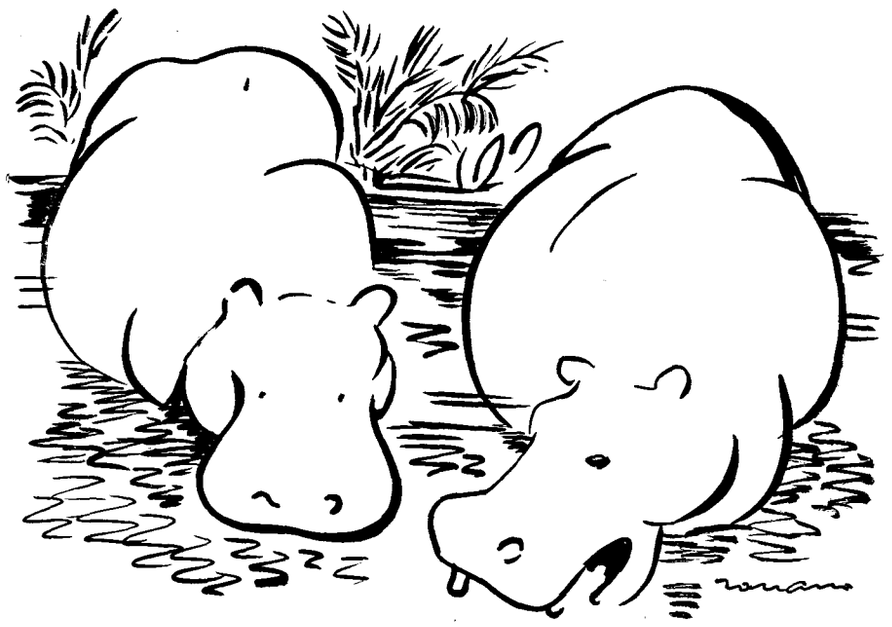
This technique of damning a writer with words out of his own book is growing on your reviewers. And it is a very pernicious technique. Soon writers will be afraid to have their characters speak in an uncomplimentary way to each other. They will scan their galleys, looking for words which some reviewer may use against them. Publishers will do it even more avidly. A new form of censorship will be established.

Actually, your reviews gain nothing by such a technique. Smartaleckness is no substitute for analysis. The reviewer may think he has rounded out his review nicely by using this device, but really he is only trying to demonstrate his own cleverness. I do not mean to imply that I think all criticism should be favorable. In general, the output of current literature being what it is, the less favorable your reviews are, the more nearly they approach good criticism. And there is no question that the level of your reviews has been raised immeasurably in the last few years.

While I am on the subject, I should like to complain about the review you printed of Gerald Kersh's most interesting book, "Prelude to a Certain Midnight" [May 31]. This review was obviously written by someone who had not read the book. It imputed actions to the central character of which she was quite incapable. The reviewer apparently failed to notice that a new character, her sister, had entered the story before it was half over and played an important role from then on. It was the sister who discovered the identity of the murderer and failed to do anything about it. For a reviewer to make an error like this is seriously upsetting to the faith of the reader.

NAOMI R. GRAHAM.

Chicago, Ill.



"I'm expecting a great big bundle from heaven."

Refugees in America

SIR: Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, in his review of my book "Refugees in America" [*SRL* May 24], tries to make a mystery out of "who financed this investigation?" This seems strange in view of the fact that a statement is prominently displayed on the flyleaf facing the title page to the effect that the study was sponsored by the five national refugee service organizations therein listed. He insinuates that the study may be biased through pressure exerted by its backers, but ignores the fact that the study was conducted, not by these supporting agencies, but by a committee of prominent individuals headed by Dr. Alvin Johnson, who are listed on the following page. The study, as the subtitle states, is the Report of the Committee for the Study of Recent Immigration from Europe. It was for the purpose of avoiding the possibility of bias from backers that the agencies which suggested the study and supported it asked a group of citizens to form an independent committee to conduct the investigation. As a member of the sponsors' committee later formed to help publicize the findings, Mr. Fairchild should know this.

When Dr. Johnson asked me if I would direct the study, he gave me full assurance of complete freedom of inquiry—"it will be exactly as if you were at the University" was the way he put it—and this promise was fulfilled to the letter. Final decision as to every statement in the book rested entirely with me. Naturally I sought the advice and criticism of the Study Committee, the staff, and many outside experts; but I accept full responsibility for the report.

MAURICE R. DAVIE.

New Haven, Conn.

SIR: I have read with interest the review of "Refugees in America."

Like all social issues, the issue admits of no absolute conclusion. There is always room for differences of honest opinion. Fairchild and I were both, as infant scholars, suckled on the dry teats of an imported Malthusianism. Our post-infancy diets have drifted apart, and our biases differ accordingly.

Dr. Davie's study of the effects of refugee immigration is an able piece of work. It is not calculated to allay the fears of the surviving Cro Magnon xenophobes, but neither is it calculated to support the views of those who would throw our immigration gates wide open. Recent refugee immigration into America has been, after all, a mere trickle, too insignificant to exhibt marked effects on our economy. One who like myself regards America as a country still far short of the optimum in both quantity and variety of population might like to see this trickle increased, judiciously, with systematic consideration of the needs of the American economy. One who feels that this country is already overpopulated, like Professor Fairchild, would like to cut the trickle off completely. These differences in point of view do not originate in our scientific reasoning. They are glandular effects and therefore worthy of such respect as the endocrinologists can muster.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

New York, N. Y.

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Spender, Prokosch, and Bynner

"In a sense Stephen Spender is the victim of his own political integrity."

Frederic Prokosch: "The evil in our age like dust falls everywhere."

Witter Bynner's compressed lyric "explodes in the mind like a star-shell."

1. In a Fog

POEMS OF DEDICATION. By Stephen Spender. New York: Random House. 1947. 60 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

AS ONE who found (and still finds) Spender's first book of poems little less than miraculous, and who was impressed by the energy and warmth of the second, it is not pleasant to report that his third is slight in substance, thin in texture, and blemished not infrequently with the kind of threadbare "poetic" properties one would scarcely expect to encounter in the work of a careful third-rate poet. The word "rose," for example occurs in at least four poems, and never in any specific or fresh connotation.

I bring no consolation
Of the weeping shower
Whose final dropping jewel deletes
All grief in the sun's power—

is unfortunately typical of the diffused impression created by the opening series of poems, but some of the lines in this elegy are too embarrassingly limp to quote.

What has happened to Spender? The seeds of this fogginess—fondness for describing something concrete like an express in terms of abstractions, fluid images, etc.—were present in the first book, but were there always, or almost always, saved from wateriness by the passion of his leftist convictions. In his second volume, Spender made an evident effort to be less vague; Spain provided a focus of reality; but the magic was lost. Now, it appears, he would like to recapture the magic; but without the political convictions that provided a scaffolding for the earlier books, his imagery falls apart. In a sense, then, Spender is the victim of his own political integrity. But unless one should want him to sacrifice that integrity, it is more accurate to say that he is the victim of his poetic method which is ill-adapted to what he himself calls "spiritual explorations."

The group of poems under this general title, far and away the best in this book, offer another clue to Spender's disintegration. He has a weakness for rewriting a perfectly good line (or poem) into a poor one. The opening line of the first sonnet in this series in 1945 read: "Under their nakedness they are naked still." It now reads: "Within our nakedness nakedness still." The magnificent line "Of stars, battles, the dark and distant pole" becomes the banal "Of stars, battles, dark and frozen pole." And the second sonnet, one of Spender's finest poems in its first version, has been so stripped of its inspired rhetoric and so inflated with words like "harlequin," "loneliness," and "parcels" of "flesh and bone" as to be a sad, pale reminder of its original.

If Spender had not written enough poems, including even a couple in this book, to make him the finest lyric poet writing in England today, one would not expect so much from him or be so disappointed.

2. To the End of Night

CHOSEN POEMS. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 81 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

I OPENED Frederic Prokosch's collection with pleasant anticipation. If by the end of my reading I experienced some dismay at faults I had not expected, nevertheless there are enough fine poems in the book to set it very high.

The contents are a prologue, seventeen lyrics, eleven elegies, eleven landscapes, eight legends, and a concluding ode. The seventeen lyrics are well-nigh flawless in music and sense. Simplicity and aptness shape every image. The rhythms are lyrical. The moods show variety. I emphasize these virtues because they are not always evident in the other sections of the book.

"The evil in our age like dust falls everywhere," says Mr. Prokosch, and too many of the poems are in the range of this shower. The somber strength of many passages, such as the concluding stanzas of the tenth elegy, is weakened by lack of contrast. We should like here and there a hint at least of "the countless madrigals loved by Elizabeth" which Mr. Prokosch mentions but has perhaps heard too seldom.

If this *choix de poésies* is too unvaryingly a trip to the end of the night, we may blame it on the style, which is at times enervated by an overwhelming influence from French poetry, to which the genius of poetry in English is antithetical. I put the third legend into French as I went along, and it sounded much better. There are passages when I believe Mr. Prokosch has more echoes of Baudelaire and the Symbolistes in his head than of the Queen's English. The French are shameless in piling up adjectives—and so is Mr. Prokosch.

Abstractions and incongruities mar some of the poems. "The web of some long chambered archaic dream" is meaningless. In the eleventh landscape, "The Gulls," a poem as intricate as the *terza rima* in which it is composed, we hear of the "lathered leaping of their wings." I wonder. Lastly, there are too many catalogues with no common reference or even association (unless highly personal). The poems I should list as especially weak are Elegies IV and VI; Landscapes I (the absurd *splendor-December* rhyme denotes the general carelessness of this poem), II, IX, X; Legends I (because of the laughable "two great loving hawks" falling "limp out of the heavens") and VI. Over-richness and monotony of mood are the two general faults.

I have paid Mr. Prokosch the tribute of a minute examination because his best poems are excellent and should endure. The seventeen lyrics would be a credit to any age. There are scattered strokes of verbal genius, such as "The lark is climbing his Everest." The poems I most admired, in addition to the lyrics, are these: Elegies II, III, VII, X, XI; Landscapes IV, V, VI, VII; Legends IV,

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VII, VIII, and the concluding ode, which is magnificent. In these poems a brilliant technique is the instrument of images and emotions set beyond time amid a landscape tragic but clear.

Mr. Michael Roberts compares Mr. Prokosch's work to "a slow movement of Mozart or Beethoven." That is too much. I should say a slow movement of Tschaikowsky's. In closing the book I would recommend it with almost every laudatory term just short of greatness. That is saying a good deal.

3. *Beguiling Magic*

TAKE AWAY THE DARKNESS. By Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 177 *pp.* $2.75.

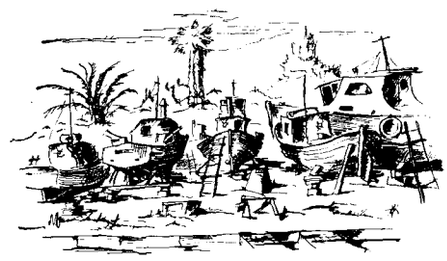
Reviewed by STARR NELSON

"DARKNESS is as good as light. While both shall be again," sings Witter Bynner in the title-poem of his new book, thus announcing a theme timeless in itself and dominant in much of his finest work. But the poem ends:

> Except the darkening of sight
> Made by the might of men.

And it is the poet's passionate protest, the thrust of his spirit against this darkening, that forms the subdominant theme of the collection and gives it special significance in our time. In section I of "Take Away the Darkness" we find such poems as "Captains, O Captains" ("Is it for empire or brotherhood?"), the poignant "A Jewess in Exile," "The Unknown Soldier," and the already well-known "Defeat"—a poem as bitter-black in its truth as its wrath is white-hot. All who love America should ponder, for her soul's sake, these noble strictures.

Yet the darkness of vision against which the poet lifts his flaming sword is not all. There is natural death, and Bynner contends with the dark angel in poems ranging from the dry-point pathos of "Nuns on a Beach" to the superbly integrated abstraction entitled "Waterfall"; from the round, childlike wisdom of "Sometimes There Is Knowing" to the high seraph wings of "It Is Not Strange." And there is the darkness that falls with the death of love, or a loved one's death, upon the human heart. In fighting through to acceptance of "the other light," Mr. Bynner gives us memorable poems. These are often very brief—a single elegiac chord—but some of them are remarkably haunting in their effect. "Clouds," for instance, once read cannot possibly be forgotten. Witter Bynner is a master of the compressed lyric that explodes in the mind like a star-shell.



There is one section of poems deriving in inspiration, and sometimes in technique, from the Chinese. Here Mr. Bynner, perfectly at home with Li Po, Tu Fu, Wang Wêi, and other kindred spirits, sets with such comparable art his jade and lapis on "stems of coral thought" that presently we cannot say whether it be he or they (the reviewer's apologies to "Poets in China"!) whose magic beguiles us. Here, too, the wry Bynner humor more freely reveals itself. Other poems in the book subtly convey the Amerindian influence, as in "Love-Song" (beautiful!), "Arrowy Dreams," "At Acuna," and the strangely moving poem named "Statues."

"Take Away the Darkness" will win new friends for Witter Bynner's poetry and will be a joy—at times even a revelation—to those who count themselves old friends of his work. Surely old and new, reckoned in terms of life and light, are fused and will endure in the profound simplicity of such a poem as "The Mantle":

> He looked at me from another life—
> He was already dead;
> He saw his children and his wife,
> And this is what he said:
>
> Against the darkness love is good,
> Love clearing through a cloud;
> And then he made, as a man should,
> A mantle of his shroud.

Slippery Symbols

THE SEEMING REAL. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 76 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

SPEAKING of modern poetry, Donald A. Stauffer has remarked in these columns:

> . . . since symbols are not flat propositions but complex entities that seem to have a life of their own, we are made uneasy by their slipperiness.

The poetry of Frederick Mortimer Clapp, who rarely employs images except for their symbolic value, is certainly full of "complex entities"; and few who take up his latest volume of poems will fail to be "made uneasy by their slipperiness." His images melt abstract concepts and concrete references in a process almost too swift to follow. Consider, for example, "Continents of the Mind":

> Something sipping from lip to lip
> flits
> over the froth
> of hate's teeth moving inshore
> through the night
> to break the neural land's grip on the
> originating sea.
> Bit by bit
> it pulls the casual continents of
> thought apart
> and out of the stone-conceiving slime
> of valleys,
> miles under the fluid glitter of the
> films of recognition,
> builds atolls and islets to pinpoint
> the heart
> of Asias to be,
> their copulating gods,
> their sedentary plains of peace.

Hate, the emotion, takes on teeth; then the wave moves in on the land in a kind of beachhead operation; the "casual continents of thought" (shattering phrase!) are pulled apart; and atolls and islets "pinpoint the heart / of Asias to be."

Robinson Jeffers suggests that Mr. Clapp "sometimes has us gasping on Tibetan uplands of imagination where mathematics and physics are the only birds." Nevertheless, this poet's philosophical quest — which has ranged over both Europe and Asia, by the way—does not take its start from an unreal world (or, at least, no world more unreal than "the seeming real" that we corporeally inhabit). As evidence take these lines from "Spring 1943":

> Where squirming battles crackle on
> coral islands,
> forgotten dots of ambushed solitude,
> men jump up and stumbling
> die across the bones of the dead.

I commend to the reader's attention also such poems as "Cancelled Itinerary," an epitaph for the theory of cause and effect; "Donner Pass," with its perfect symbol; "Private Park," with its wheels-within-wheels pattern; "Hidden for Germination," which opposes to the modern malady induced by materialistic science "the unbruised seeds of life" and the counsel, "No season lasts long under the stars"; "Landings on an Ancient Coast," which, in its lofty dismissal of "life's trivial inevitabilities of death" takes a position beyond despair; and "Dog and Wolf," with its tremendous opening:

> They who in earth's youth sprang
> from the ashes of titans. . . .

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

TORTILLAS, TEQUILA, AND THOU

A TREASURY OF MEXICAN FOLKWAYS. By Frances Toor. New York: Crown Publishers. 1947. 542 *pp.* $5.

YOU MUST GO TO MEXICO. By Cecil and Fred Carnes. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1947. 130 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

ON AN enchanted midnight almost ten years ago I sat on a crumbling rock wall flanking an ancient cemetery and watched pinpoints of light wavering up the hillside toward me. Other lights appeared from behind and beyond the church to the left. As they converged onto the slope, the pinpoints became candle flames, and the flames revealed coppered heads behind them. Gradually, in the massed candlelight the bodies of rebozo-swathed women carrying babies and baskets took form. Each sought some unmarked spot upon the earth, lowered her bundles upon it, placed the candles like altars before them, and knelt.

Bisecting the plot on which the figures kneeled, was a long pole resembling a football goal post. It was hung with pumpkins and squash and corn, all tied with colored streamers and interwoven with marigolds. Toward dawn three old men came and, standing before it, began a chant that was answered by the women in chorus. Still later, as the dawn light seeped across the lake, drunken men stumbled up from the cantinas below to join the women and old men of the Tarascan tribe. Being foreigners, we left then to return to Patzcuaro and not invade any longer the privacy of the Indians on the Island of Janitzio, celebrating the Day of the Dead.

Many times thereafter I asked in Mexico, of all who might know, about the significance of the strange pagan ceremony. Yet I could never discover more than fragmentary reports on the fusion of a Bachanalian harvest festival with the traditional fiesta celebrated throughout Mexico. Upon publication of Miss Frances Toor's "A Treasury of Mexican Folkways" I thought the answers would be found at last. Turning eagerly to her account of this event, I was disappointed again. Miss Toor tells only what can be found in the average guide book.

Throughout the impressive volume her treatment is the same. She does not tell the how nor the why of her fascinating subject matter; she only reports it. Her method is not that of the folklorist who illuminates through scholarly understanding the origins and developments of a folk pattern. It is that of an observer, who has perhaps seen more of Mexican native life than any living person, but who has been content to record it, without explanation or interpretation.

—*Diego Rivera.*

Fruits of Labor.

This amateur's technique forbids any comparison with such authoritative works as B. A. Botkin's "Treasury of American Folklore" or with Miguel Covarrubias's masterly "Mexico South." Miss Toor's is at its best in the section on "Songs and Dance Music," prepared with the collaboration of Concha Michel. And complete disappointment with the book is avoided by the ten superb color plates and 100 drawings by the distinguished artist Carlos Merida, and by the inclusion of 170 photographs.

* * *

WHOLLY unlike Miss Toor's massive work is the gay and engaging "You Must Go to Mexico," by Cecil and Fred Carnes. Here is a slim volume, written with zest and charm, which tells all you need to know for your next trip. Calling Mexiso "the Shangri-la for motorists," it is designed for those who drive down the Pan-American highway and depart from it for various circle tours. A miracle of condensation, it gets necessary details over with quickly, then concentrates upon having fun. Warnings on prices are given—"You start with American inflation and add on Mexican inflation" — and various rackets are exposed. Particularly welcome is news of hotels that gyp. But most of it is given to vivid descriptions, such as calling El Salto Falls "a long vanilla soda," or to such amusing renditions of native legends as the authors' interpretation of the Ixtaccihuatl-Popocatepetl tale. If you must go to Mexico, either in body or spirit, a pleasant companion will be this volume by the brothers Carnes.

Guidebooks on Mexico

Terry's Guide to Mexico. By T. Philip Terry. Privately printed. $4.75. (The old standby first published in 1909, now in a 1947 reprint with maps, plans, and a thousand oddments of incidental information.)

New Guide to Mexico. By Frances Toor. Crown Publishers. $2.50. (1946 revised reprint of a pocket-sized guide by the professor of folklore at the University of Mexico.)

Mexico South. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50. (Huge, rich album of Mexicana by the painter, photographer, anthropologist, and geographer who in 1946 parlayed all his talents into this massive work.)

Viva Mexico! By Charles Macomb Flandrau. D. Appleton-Century. $2. (Sprightly and accurate 1937 study based on longtime association with Mexican people.)

Mexico and Its Heritage. By Ernest Gruening. New York: Century. $6. (Scholarly history written in 1938 by an ex-journalist and current Governor of Alaska.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY FATHER. By David Dodge. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947. 216 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THE title of this funny book is a literal translation of the title of a Mexican movie comedy on the boards when Dodge passed through Mexico to Guatemala in his Chevrolet, with his wife and little girl. "Green" or *verde* is Mexican slang for a "skirt-chaser," but Dodge uses it in the American slang sense of "sucker." The sucker, he cheerfully sets forth, was himself, though

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he feels pretty sure he wasn't quite as big a one as his little girl, Kendall, and his "tactless wife," Elva, made him out to be.

However, by his own account, he came pretty close to perfection as a general ignoramus and easy-mark, and it is precisely this "Innocents Abroad," babe-in-the-woods approach that provides much of the hilarity of this little volume. His route through Mexico is studded with an unending series of closely spaced eight balls. He struggles from behind each of them manfully, chiefly by plenty of leg work, industrious gullibility, and his hand ever held forth with coin of the realm. Five-year-old Kendall got along swimmingly with all ages, and her smile proved more effective in melting hard-hearted officials than even the author's ready shower of pesos. His wife's role seemed to have been to collect all the local lounge-lizards about her and violate all the social customs of the land.

By managing to hit all the rough spots and hit them real hard, the author avoids a single dull moment in his book; and his predicaments are so absurd and mostly so unnecessary, his telling of them so inflected with humor, with clever bon mots and gags, that laughter bubbles from every page.

He is helped in his tale by the fact that he hit Mexico at the moment when post-war travel was at the peak of difficulty, and he would have weakened his account considerably if he had sloughed off his pose of "the rube at large" to show the slightest comprehension of the why of Mexican habits and psychology. It is not, therefore, a document about Mexico but about American provincialism.

Had Mr. Dodge known Spanish, had he known something about Mexicans, he might have discovered that he could have gotten such extraordinary services, not by paying for them but as a gesture of kindness and friendliness. As it was, the author repeatedly insulted friendly hosts by trying to pay them for their generous assistance. But this little homily should not detract from the fact that Mr. Dodge has written a delightful, mirthful book, which was all he set out to do.

SONORA SKETCH BOOK. By John Hilton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 333 pp. $5.

Reviewed by IVAN T. SANDERSON

HERE at last is a book about Mexico entirely devoid of either patronizing condescension or starry-eyed whimsy. The book, moreover, is well titled for it is just that—a book of delightful little sketches in which, be they in prose or in pencil, the author-artist has captured the strange white sunlight of Sonora and the beauty of its wildlife and people with consummate finesse. Reading this book will be almost pure delight, for every one of the forty-one sketches is either interesting, amusing, or poetically beautiful and often all three at once. It should be read.

A Note on Mexico

Truman flew to Mexico
On the Sacred Cow he flew
'Twas a notable event
For he is our President
And he flew away to distant Mexico*

WITH this song, and many a seasoned story, El Harrito, the Flying Presidente, is being immortalized as a cementer of good relations without diplomatic equal. Four months after Truman's trip, Mexico is still throbbing with good neighborliness. Over the tables in Sanborn's House of Tile in Mexico City, and in the adobe huts of the interior, Mexicans are still talking about "Harrito" (like saying Harry, boy!), and the quiet way he placed the wreath on the monument of Los Ninos Heroes—the cadet heroes of Chapultepec. It seems, at last, that more Mexicans are calling us "primos," which means cousin, than many another word which they have found appropriate through the years.

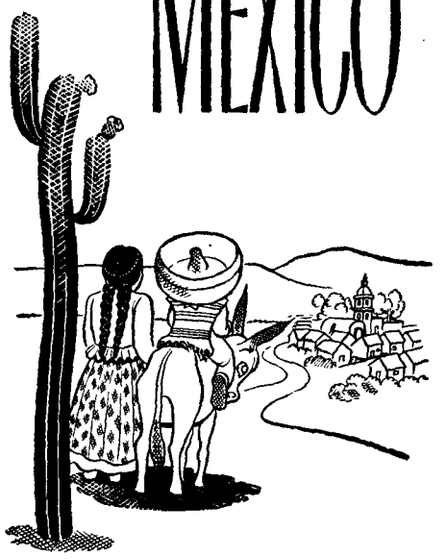
Here in the United States, the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau which normally issues about fifty tourist cards a day at its New York office alone, averaged eighty a day during the week of Alemán's visit to

* *Copyright 1947 Winfield Music Inc.*

From "A Treasury of Mexican Folklore."
Aztec Sun God—also worshipped by tourists.

In a word, it's...

MEXICO



Of course, it's Mexico—the faraway land that is so near . . . land of siesta and fiesta . . . land where the sun shines on flower-bright valleys and towering snow-capped volcanoes . . . land of burro and boulevard . . . cathedral and cafe . . . pyramid and skyscraper . . . Mexico, where a world of wonderful contrasts awaits vacationers, all the year 'round.

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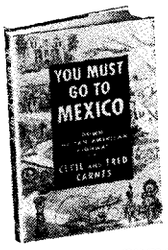

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the States. Correspondence has increased some 200 per cent with letters pouring in from all over the United States and Canada. In New York, eleven-year-old Jane Brunner was inspired to write a poem which just about summed up most Americans' geography-book knowledge of our newly-rediscovered neighbor. It went:

I was thinking a thought about Mexico,
A hot and beautiful land
Where dense forests grow,
And on mountaintops there's snow,
And along the coast there is sand.

Awakened by Truman, Alemán, or both, or stymied by difficulty in getting abroad, about half a million Americans are due for a visit in the hot and beautiful land this year, which is an increase of some twenty-five per cent. Last year Americans spent $500,000,000 abroad. As its share of this bundle, Mexico raked in $120,000,000.

To enter Mexico the only passport necessary is a tourist card which costs $2.10. Cards are available at any of the Mexican consulates located in nearly every principal United States city, or at most of the offices of American Airlines, Pan American Airways, and Eastern Air Lines, all of which service the republic. Proof of United States citizenship is the only qualification, and the permits are good for six months.

In the summer Mexico fills with teachers, students, and culturally-bent tourists. The summer school at the University of Mexico enrolls 600 American students by itself. A number of Southwesterners are also known to scurry to Mexico City to cool off in the capital's under-seventy temperature. Winter brings the executive types and the sun-followers, many of whom go to Acapulco to sail-fish and loll in the Miami-like luxury. Round trip plane fare from the capital costs $25.

Otherwise, both winter and summer visitors try Mexico City, Cuernavaca, Tasco, and Fortin, which has a swimming pool brimming with floating gardenias. In the capital, which the natives call simply Mexico (the country is called the "republic"), tourists look in at Ciro's, the local Stork Club, watch bull fights in the new Plaza Mexico stadium, drive out for a gondola ride among the floating gardens of Xochimilco.

Most hotels in the capital are on the European plan, and most elsewhere in the republic are on the American plan. The best in Mexico City is the Reforma, where two people can get by for about $9 a day. The De la Borda, a typical hotel in Tasco, runs $10 double-rate (with food), the Bahia in Acapulco about $15 a day (with food).

One peso is worth twenty-one American cents, and you can make exchanges at banks or hotels. Don't ask the price of an article "in real money." Don't wear slacks, shorts, or bare-midriff dresses away from a resort if you would avoid offending the local gentry. Take a top coat for chilly nights, light suits and cotton dresses for warm days. Drink bottled water, stay away from uncooked greens, and if you turn up without a place to sleep in Mexico City, the Mexican Tourist Association at Juarez 76 will answer an SOS. If you get homesick, visit the nearest ball park. You may uncover Danny Gardella and Nap Reyes, ex of the Giants, Lou Klein and Fred Martin of the Cardinals, Red Hayworth, once a St. Louis Brown, and Murray Franklin, late of Detroit. All the above named gentlemen have succumbed to the Pasquel pesos, and are currently playing a hot game of beisbol under the Mexican sun.

HORACE SUTTON.

Bookings for July

(The following books are scheduled for publication this month.)

Sou'West and By West of Cape Cod. By Llewellyn Howland. Harvard University Press. $3. (A volume of sketches in which a picture of the old Cape Cod is delightfully interwoven with one of the new.)

Maine Ways. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan. $2.75. (A series of short and intensely personal pieces, describing the author's home on a Maine farm near the sea. The sketches are poetic in feeling, written with grace, and reflect an existence of much charm.)

Yankee Coast. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $3.50. (Mr. Coffin, who has celebrated the Maine coast before in verse, now in a volume of essays depicts its many aspects, its historical events, its old houses, its sturdy lobster fishermen, its skies and shores and seas, all in a lush and lyrical prose.)

Wonders of the Great Barrier Reef. By T. C. Roughley. Scribners. $5. (Partly a travel book, partly a work on natural history, this study of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, which the author designates "one of the great natural wonders of the world," is couched in terms intended for the layman but is nevertheless a careful scientific and geographical exposition.)

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He Had to Be a Football Hero

MY NAME IS CHRISTOPHER NAGEL. By C. W. Grafton. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1947. 357 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

CHRISTOPHER NAGEL finished high school in 1926, which was a pretty good year, considering the years that have come since. He had made the careless plans that all of us make when we are young and not too serious; he was going, with most of his friends, to Brewster College, and then he pitched a no-hit baseball game with sixteen strike-outs.

As Nagel explains, he may be wrong in blaming that game for changing his life. "People are always saying the seeds of destiny are placed in the individual, not in events, and if you blame things on this turn of a head or this smile or that fall of a card you're a damn fool." Well, maybe. Anyway, a scout from Stanley University saw Christy and suggested he'd be wasted at a small college like Brewster. He wanted to be a surgeon, didn't he? Well, there was a professor at Stanley who'd taught at Heidelberg and all those places, and well, Christy ought to have the best instruction, if he wanted to be a surgeon, that is.

Of course, Christy went to Stanley, and, although he hadn't exactly planned it that way, he went out for freshman football, and he turned out to be one of the fastest men ever seen on a Southern football team. He was good, darned good, and he didn't have much time to study freshman biology. He became a kind of campus hero because he was so good, and, eventually, he found that he'd drifted away from the girl he'd known in high school and thought he loved. By the end of the first semester of his freshman year at Stanley, a lot of things had happened to Christy, some good, some bad. His life had been changed; there was no doubt of that.

Mr. Grafton has written a warm, nostalgic novel about college during the year almost everyone was singing "I'll See You in My Dreams," drinking not-very-good bootleg liquor, and looking forward to a prosperous, peaceful, and promising future. But, although written in a deceptively simple, readable style, "My Name is Christopher Nagel" is much more than mere nostalgia; it is an ironically moving but never bitter story of the disappointments of youth, of the plans all of us make which never quite work out, of the puzzled disappointment we have in looking backward at our never-satisfactory lives, wondering how we could have done differently, what would have happened if we'd been wiser earlier.

Mr. Kraft as "Lap"

ADVENTURE IN JADE. By James Lewis Kraft. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 79 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. KRAFT, whose name is known round the world for his excellent cheese, would, I think, almost prefer to be celebrated as the man who demonstrated that some of the finest jade in the world can be found in the United States. Still more, as a "rockhound" and a "lap"—a rockhound who has discovered vast boulders of the purest jade of the finest type; an amateur lapidary whose greatest delight has been to cut and polish the gem hidden in an unpromising exterior. This (to me) delightful book is neither science nor art—it is the work of a gifted amateur. It is packed with information of hunts and finds—such as the great mountain of jade in the furtherest wilderness of Alaska—and is rich in shrewd comments on the habits and occurrences of this, the most historic and best loved of semiprecious stones. From its text classifiers and analysts will profit.

As for art—and many books of great magnificence exist on jade carvings and ornaments—Mr. Kraft is concerned with ornament only to indicate its incredible difficulty when working with one of the toughest of stones. What pleases him is the stone itself, not carved nor made into similitudes of the forms of life, but merely relieved from the rough boulder that encloses spots of superb beauty and varied color, and made to shine as a jewel. I recommend this book to all collectors, all hobbyists, and all lovers of stones, as a model of how to memorialize intelligently and usefully, and also with real emotion, the avocation which has meant so much pleasure in life. As an amateur rockhound myself, though lacking the patience to be a lap, I may say that this is the most informative book I have read on any of the semiprecious stones.

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HEARING THINGS

SYMPOSIUM AT HARVARD

DURING the first three days of May, Harvard University held a symposium on musical criticism. Ably organized by the Department of Music and complemented by fine performances of works especially commissioned for the occasion, the symposium marked a significant station in our public musical life. There were a number of interesting addresses, which happily will be available in print; therefore I should like to dispense with capsule renditions of these essays which would only suffer from condensation. I should like to comment, however, on a few things that were not so much said as felt because they were the outcome of the meetings.

The shadow of a handicap fell over the symposium from the very outset. The two literary papers, E. M. Forster's "The Raison d'Etre of Criticism" and Edgar Wind's "The Nature of the Work of Art," were so superior to the musical addresses that they would not stand comparison. The organizers of the symposium very wisely attempted to have all shades and kinds of criticism represented at this first conference devoted to musical criticism in America. In so doing they rendered a conspicuous service because the lectures, comments, and discussions brought to light the glaring shortcomings of this important branch of musical activity. The gamut ran from philosophy of art criticism on the highest plane to the pleasant but not very profound chit-chat of the practical musician not at home in the field of letters. And literature was the crux of the problem, for criticism is a profession of letters; it has little validity otherwise.

It is curious with what caution we still approach the question of musical criticism, but where plain speaking is difficult for some reason or another it is the more necessary, and no one who is concerned with the future of music can afford to close his eyes to its weaknesses and shortcomings. There is a popular notion among critics that the musicologist does not sympathize with their profession. That is a ridiculous accusation, for we are all critics. What the critics of the critics object to is the deterioration of an important branch of the literature of the arts into non-literary journalism. Connections between letters and musical criticism have been largely lost, and musical criticism has become low-grade literature when it is not virtually anti-literary. But if we, the other practitioners of musicography, point out its shortcomings our gesture is considered a *casus belli*, and if a critic himself raises his voice —and a number of excellent critics are violently opposed to the present state of their profession—he is a downright traitor.

Some of the musical criticism appearing in our daily papers and magazines has the grace of an invoice in which a merchant advises of the dispatching of a pail of herring or a barrel of sauerkraut. The only difference is that the merchant's note is a practical and natural routine whereas the critic's invoice assumes the air of a special act of grace, or the pontifical verdict of a high tribunal. The musical journalist always reminds us of the drabness of everyday life for he seldom realizes that behind a work of art there is always a content that cannot be expressed in concrete words, a content which is in fact the spiritual power of art that triumphs over life, over mere existence, which breaks the barriers of reality and expresses the inexpressible. A man so constituted cannot experience nor even understand the ecstasy of creative fervor, his own soul cannot respond with sympathy to the stream of life emanating from a work of art, therefore he is lost in mere external observations. He is so absorbed in pretty trifles or meaningless generalizations that he does not realize the greatness and the tragic and heroic insufficiency of man, the artist, who seeks to conquer everything in space and in the spirit. to give it form and expression.

HAVING lost its connections with literature, musical criticism was orphaned and like a waif was compelled to shift for itself. There developed a specific community spirit among our critics that put them on the defensive against both true scholarship and progressive art. Most of them imagined that they were the appointed guardians and governors of the art of music. Even though the times have changed and of late we have some well-trained and responsible critics, on the whole the spirit of defensive collectivism maintains itself. But since in this solidarity the deciding factors are not literary-artistic but professional, our musical life suffers from it. Modern musical journalism came into being through extra-literary forces, but only literary-artistic values can sustain it on a dignified plane, yet those are the very things that are being lost or wither in the tediousness of relentless everyday production. Musical criticism must stand the competition with other branches of literary and art criticism by resting solely on its value; therefore it must stand criticism too. It still likes to fall back on the prestige of our great dailies, but it cannot thereby win mercy, for by so doing it contributes to the misguidance to

For a Cholestography

By Amy Lee Spencer

THESE six white pellets in a shining sheath
of neatly squared and tinseled cellophane
can calibrate the isotopes of Death
that kicks against my ribs with spasmed pain.

The Angel of the X-ray lays me prone;
and squares my terror with a silver slide.
Upon an ebon plastic burial stone
I lie as one who has already died.

I breathe, I hold my breath. The robot eye
looks thru me, as God once did splitting bone
from sinning soul. To this dread radial Sky
my flawed and fulsome flesh can not atone.

I rise and walk stiff-kneed in winding shroud
back to the Pyramidal caves of fear.
We are fluorescent spectres. Each allowed
a numbered curtain and a burial chair.
Osiris files our visceral shades, to tell
for certain now, our scheduled hour in Hell.

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"You don't realize it, Mr. Wogglebib—but you're cheating!"

which the public is subjected by the music industry. At the same time it falsifies the profession of letters. Musical criticism is usually regarded as a thing by itself; it is high time to consider it from the point of view of our entire literary and musical life, and to examine its effect on our music. This influence is often salutary; it has taught the public the importance of the art of music in our cultural life, but it often damages this very life, especially when it discourages criticism with regard to the popular favorites of the day, when it envelops mediocre works and composers with the nimbus of serious art, and above all, when it is hostile to new music. It is quite disheartening to contemplate this state of affairs, for the critic has always a grain of the teacher in him and would secretly like to bequeath his ideas to posterity. He cannot be pleased to see that his "teachings" are rejected *ad limine* by the younger generation, and they must realize that what they decry and decline still manages to seep down through other channels to the public domain of the future.

The duty of the critic is not so much to find universally valid judgments as to induce his readers to think on their own. If he is a conscientious critic of moral integrity who wants to be more than a paid officeholder, he cannot live like Robinson Crusoe on an uninhabited island; he must be surrounded by other men. That is, he cannot restrict himself to the official concert life of great events and to the illustrious names sanctioned by success.

Criticism, this noble art which should be exercised by an intellectual élite, has become an everyday means of earning a living, practised by a number of vexed and annoyed people who give the impression of having been sentenced to engage in this tiresome pursuit of happiness. It is only in the writings of our few distinguished critics that there is light, air, sunshine, and love. It will be up to this élite to banish the spirit of vexatious duty from newspaper criticism. Then we shall have true art criticism. Fichte as tutor to a family's hopefuls said to the parents of his wards that they, the parents, should first be educated before the education of the children could be begun. The same suggestion should be addressed to newspaper and magazine publishers and editors, for they are to be blamed in large measure for the lamentable state of musical criticism.

The old order is slowly vanishing. Our public, not used to political independence in matters of art, has left decision and policy in the hands of educators and critics. While musico-politically still untutored, it is no longer willing to permit the wheels of history to be turned back; it rebels against the artistic autarchy of our musical life to which the majority of our critics are wedded. Our first duty will be to find more of those critics who are thinking neither of their own good nor of the maintenance of the old order. The day has come when the gardener can unlimber his clipping shears and cut the weeds. This sounds a bit grim but it actually hides a compliment for it means that musical criticism has reached a stage where it should grow out of its dilettantism. And even the "weeds" are not to be construed as an insult; many of us are happy if the barren ground shows a few weeds, for the weeds are green and they conserve the soil from erosion, and they have the color of life.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

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with
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LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
THE COMEDY HIT
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with Myron McCormick, Minor Watson, Margalo Gillmore
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th Street, East of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-cond.

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Where East Meets West

HAWAII: THE 49TH STATE. By Blake Clark. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 271 pp. $3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

FIVE years ago Blake Clark published a book called "Remember Pearl Harbor" which blended eye-witness accounts, his own and others, into a valuable record of what happened when disaster came to Hawaii. That he can now be displaying for mainland readers the peacetime aspect of the land he confidently believes will very soon be the forty-ninth state is evidence of how fast history runs.

Yet there is nothing rapid about Hawaii's march to statehood. Ever since the Organic Act of 1900 this next step has been anticipated. Three Congressional commissions of inquiry since 1935 have recommended it, and Hawaii is still waiting.

Meanwhile the islands have become known to hundreds of thousands of Americans who stopped or passed through on their way to the Pacific war. Mr. Clark does not say so, but most of them hated it at the time. At least they know that it is not all hulas, flowers, and surf boards. They know, as Mr. Clark wants to tell the general reader, that Hawaii today is a modern American community, where Caucasian Americans pretty much dominate the political and business scene, though with increasing assistance from Hawaiian-born Orientals and part-Hawiians (there are few "pure" Hawiians left). The chapters on business, labor, education, and racial relations should destroy any lingering notions that Hawaii is a playland only—though the tourist industry does in fact come next to sugar and pineapples.

A third of the book gives a quick backward glance to the era of whaling, missionaries, and monarchy, and here Mr. Clark is obviously more intent on entertaining than informing, as indeed the whole book is directed toward catching the eye of the casual reader who wants more sugar than substance. Goodness knows, he has a subject suited to the treatment, with its naked maidens swimming out to offer the whaling ships their hospitality, its spendthrift kings and straight-laced missionaries. But there is a theme far more compelling, even tragic, which Mr. Clark for the most part ignores, the destruction of a charming civilization through the incursion of Western imperialism represented by traders, navies, and religious reformers.

Attuned to the lightness of the matter is a style undeceptively simple, the same style that has fastened itself upon the slicks, the Sunday supplements, the digest magazines, whereby people are always introduced by two adjectives ("slender, unassuming" professor "red-haired, golden-voiced" business woman), bound into rooms instead of walking, and speak an invented language. This, combined with the fact that Mr. Clark, a *Reader's Digest* writer, has blended a little sex, a little uplift, and several success stories into his mixture, leads one to guess that it was written to be "condensed" when Hawaii gets the statehood it deserves.

The volume provides no information for travelers—there are other books for this; nor does it recreate the atmosphere that makes life in Hawaii charming—the blend of Hawaiian and Oriental custom, the slower tempo, the informality, the outdoor living. It sticks pretty close to Honolulu, though much of Hawaii's fascination lies in the "outside islands." Yet it does convey the picture of a land of interracial friendliness, enlightened employers, and friendly people that, though somewhat optimistic, is essentially true.

But Mr. Clark's best chapter, alone worth the price of admission, is his revelation—the fullest I have seen—of what happened under military government (it was that, not martial law) during the war years. The story of how an army command usurped civil powers without precedent or authority, trampled the body of justice, and suspended the rights of Americans without ever being brought to account is a chapter in our history that needed writing. Mr. Clark may have intended otherwise, but in this, together with his account of Japanese-American loyalty, lies the real strength of his book.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Celia and Rosalind, in "As You Like It," by Shakespeare. 2. Clare Doria and Richard Feverel, in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," by George Meredith. 3. Fanny Price and Edmund Bertram, in "Mansfield Park," by Jane Austen. 4. Soames and Jolyon Forsyte, in "The Forsyte Saga," by John Galsworthy. 5. Aurora Leigh and Romney Leigh, in "Aurora Leigh," by George Eliot. 6. Seth Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens. 7. Hans Castorp and Joachim Ziemssen, in "The Magic Mountain," by Thomas Mann. 8. Catherine Linton and Linton, son of Heathcliff, followed by Hareton, son of Hindley Earnshaw, in "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë. 9. Rachel Verinder and Franklin Blake, in "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins. 10. Emily and Ham Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.

Morning Mist

By John Leonard

I MADE my home in a weeping willow,
(Built my nest in a weeping willow),
In a weeping willow I built my home
Of scavengers' hearts and eagles' foam,
All round and firm, with the ends made fast,
But the morning mist unloosed the past,
And then there was naught but an empty hollow,
And a trail behind, which none can follow.

I made my home on a lonely mountain,
(Built my nest on a lonely mountain),
On a lonely mountain I built my home
Of muddied ink and a tattered tome,
Pressed tight with quills, and securely set,
But the morning mist was cool and wet,
And naught was left on the mountain crag
But the mocking laugh of an ancient hag.

I made my home where the river wanders,
(Built my nest where the river wanders),
Where the river wanders I felt content
To do my folly, and then repent.
The sun shines warm and the grass smells sweet,
And the clouds, if any, are most discreet,
And night, departing, leaves no despair,
For the morning mist is welcome there.

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DIARY OF A QUASI-LIBERTINE

(Continued from page 10)

ond contact cured those it had first wounded. If one of my books disconcerts you, re-read it; under the obvious poison I took care to hide the antidote; each one of them aims less to disturb than to warn.

"Paludes" in 1895 had showed Gide's associates to what an extent they were prisoners of their habits, their ideas, and even their emotions; two years later "Les Nourritures Terrestres" was an urgent call to freedom. But as if the author felt that on this occasion the antidote deserved more attention and better labeling, he was for some time to devote himself to clarifying his message—as much in his own mind as in that of the reader. "To free oneself is nothing; it's being free that is hard," says Michel of "L'Immoraliste." This is the problem which André Gide examines from all sides during the next thirty years.

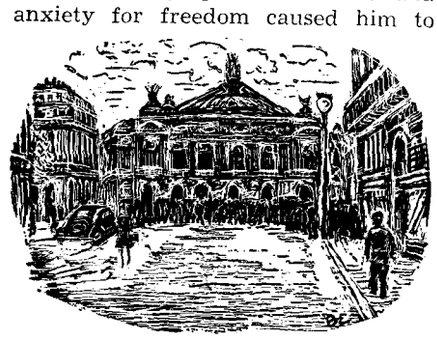
During his period of full maturity between the two wars, André Gide constantly returns to the problem of personal freedom: in his memoirs entitled "Si le Grain Ne Meurt"; in his dialogues on the subject of homosexuality ("Corydon"); in his studies of criminology ("L'Affaire Redureau" and "La Séquestrée de Poitiers"); in his drama of "OEdipe" which enacts the struggle of the individualist against religious authority; and finally —because of all Gide's works it is the best known abroad—in "Les Faux-Monnayeurs."

"The Counterfeiters" (as this novel is known in English) is another break with the past. The earlier works of fiction, which most critics would be willing to classify as novels were it not for their author's insistence that they are tales, are all marked by a concentrated action performed by but three or four characters, a personal form of narration by one of the interested individuals, and a distinct simplicity of style. But now, obsessed with the example of Dostoievsky, whom he had been rereading and analyzing in a series of lectures, André Gide set out to write a *summa* of modern life, encompassing many plots and simulating the confusion of life itself. "What should I like this novel to be?" he asks in the "Journals" in 1923, and immediately replies: "A crossroads—a meeting of problems." This is why, within his own work, he has reserved the designation of novel for this single book. The four principal themes of the novel — the adolescent revolt against the older generation, the decay of the family, the creation of the work of art, and the counterfeit of life to which we all contribute—are interlocked in a contrapuntal composition inspired by Bach's "Art of the Fugue."

However fascinating the composition of the novel may be and however complicated the interweaving of themes, "Les Faux-Monnayeurs" strikes the reader most forcibly as a study of the free individual in opposition to the institution of the family. Once again André Gide's long preoccupation with self-realization fuses with his equally permanent concern with the nature of virtue. As we watch the evolution of the numerous characters, particularly the young Bernard and Olivier, we are reminded of the author's own early search for a rule of conduct which should combine expression and restraint. His particularly admirable form of equilibrium has nothing static about it.

The definition of virtue and the problem of self-realization are so fundamental in Gide's work as to make of him a *moraliste* or moral philosopher in the best French tradition. "The only drama that really interests me," he wrote in his "Journals" in 1930, "and that I should always be willing to depict anew, is the debate of the individual with whatever keeps him from being authentic, with whatever is opposed to his integrity, to his integration. Most often the obstacle is within him. And all the rest is merely accidental." This is a capital text for the understanding of "Les Faux-Monnayeurs" as of all his literary work.

But this text is also—since the obstacle is not always within the individual—a key to André Gide's social preoccupations. Having from his earliest years enjoyed an enviable economic independence permitting a life devoted wholly to disinterested art, he could have ignored such concerns. Had he remained faithful to the doctrines of pure art current during the nineties, he would have done so. But with his discovery of life beyond the confines of the *cénacles* came also a sense of responsibility and solidarity. His keenly sympathetic nature and anxiety for freedom caused him to



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"HARVEY"
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Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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become increasingly a champion of the oppressed. As mayor of a Commune in Normandy (1896), later as a juror in Rouen (1912), and finally as a special envoy of the Colonial Ministry (1925-26), he had ample opportunity to observe social injustice. His "Voyage au Congo" and "Retour du Tchad," in fact, led to legal reform and eventually to curbing of the industrial concessions in the colonies. He had done for the exploited Negroes of central Africa what he had earlier done for the homosexual instinct in his "Corydon."

The periodic scandals which punctuated André Gide's career have been alluded to in passing. Restricted in the earlier years by the voluntarily limited editions he issued and the correspondingly small public he reached, their repercussions were greater in the twenties and thirties. Naturally, the chief scandals centered about "Corydon" and about what André Gide now calls, with a slightly apologetic smile, his "honeymoon with communism." In the early thirties, when he announced his admiration for Soviet Russia and his sympathy toward communism, he shocked even his most faithful admirers and raised another barrier between himself and official honors.

That the "Journals" throw new light upon his creative work is indubitable.

Yet if they merely provided marginal notes for Gide's works they would interest only specialists. They represent considerably more than a notebook filled with confessions, acts of literary repentance, and raw material for future works. In an atmosphere which had so little use for real life that Mallarmé was shocked when he mistook Gide's imaginary description of a trip to Spitzbergen for the account of an actual voyage, the "Journals" were begun as a literary exercise. But little by little—the evolution can be traced in their pages—they assumed more importance until, as André Malraux says, they became almost an obsession with their author, gradually drawing him from art to life, away from Racine toward Stendhal. In their present form the "Journals" record a half-century of full and varied life—and not only that of André Gide. The period covered by these fifty years includes the Dreyfus Case, the First World War, and the spread of fascism and communism. André Gide, though in each case a non-combatant, has significant things to say about these and other historical moments. In literature and art, however, he has occupied a position on the front line during the whole of this period and, in fact, still does so today.

There is not one of André Gide's works which does not raise, over and above the particular destinies it unfolds, considerations of the most general and most basic kind. From his earliest writing to his latest, André Gide has been consistently concerned with man's relation to man and especially with man's relation to himself. Despite his own periodic spiritual debates (of which the most sustained gave the deeply moving "Numquid et tu . . .?," written between 1916 and 1919), his most constant attitude is that of the broadest humanism. It is perhaps as much for this reason as for any other that he deserves his position as one of the leading spokesmen of our age.

The foregoing article will appear as the introduction to "The Journals of André Gide 1889-1939," scheduled by Knopf for September publication.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER ON HIS MIND *Gene Goldsmith* (Mill: $2.50)	Open-and-shut murder case against psycho-analyst's oft-threatening patient doubted by murderee's psychiatrist-colleague, who shows way to protesting police.	Stylistic surface-noises and too assiduous scratching for effects mars otherwise interesting variation on popular theme. (*Apologies to E. T. Canby.*)	B+
Q AS IN QUICKSAND *Laurence Treat* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	War veteran's visit to Pa. town about three-year-old auto fatality lands him in current villainy. Detectives Taylor and Freeman officiate.	Full-bodied, closely-knit, and swiftly paced tale of manufacturing clan's greed and devilry. Murders aplenty and much convincing professional sleuthing.	Admirable
AND HOPE TO DIE *Richard Powell* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Arab Blake's curiosity about Florida houseboat leads her and husband Andy to edge of grisly death — and smashes smuggling ring.	Sweet and sultry females, superb 'teenage prevaricatress, two ice-ichored menaces, and tropically chilling Caloosahatchee waterscapes — plus red-hot action.	A-No. 1
LOS ANGELES MURDERS *Editor, Craig Rice* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $3)	Seven Los Angeles *causes célèbres* fully ventilated by Mary Collins, Erle Gardner, Guy Endore, and others—with sprightly Ricean preface.	Good-enough regional case-book, but ace writers with such material should have made parts of book less pedestrian.	Fair
THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Chance encounter on California highway entangles Perry Mason with rival fan-dancers' valuable steed, sword-skewered corpse, and antagonistic law-enforcers.	Sequence of fantastic, amusing, and tragic events sets stage for dazzling display of court-room fireworks in very best Mason manner.	Even better than usual
THE NAMELESS ONES *R. T. M. Scott* (Dutton: $2.50)	Redoubtable private-'tec, and loyal servitors, with aged scholar's aid, conquer wickedness in Manhattan and Jersey war of wits and weapons.	War-time plot of sinister occultist to enslave world through "mutable consciousness" smashed, after considerable violence, by Aurelius Smith.	Psychic shocker
MURDER BY EXPERTS *Various* (Ziff-Davis: $3.50)	Twenty excellent short stories by Great Names present and past, with stimulating prefaces to top writers who selected their favorite tales.	Nary a maverick and only one museum-piece in thoroughly enjoyable collection. Stories are unhackneyed and selectors' prefatory remarks admirable.	For all d.-in-w. fans
THE IRON CLAW *Alice Tilton* (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	Typical Witherall (Bill Shakespeare) bedlam, with dinosaur tracks, rare books, whistlebait waitress, and other diversions—and rather fragile crime-motive.	New England banker's bashed body found by dinner-guest Leonidas Witherall, who bolts, leads police dizzy dance, and snares suave slayer.	Jolly

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, SONATA IN F MINOR, OP. 120, #1. (viola version). Wm. Primrose & Wm. Kapell. Victor M 1106 (3) $3.85 *Comparison:* Lionel Tertis, Harriet Cohen. Columbia M 183 (3) $4 *(now unavailable)*	The two hardest instruments to record—scratchy viola, percussive piano—in one work! Victor's is better job; piano is brilliant, rather hard, viola still scratchy, bit close. But not much better can be done.	B+ A	Finest in Brahms. Significant diff. in interpretation; new version is fast, hard driving, brilliant, but slights lyric aspects; old set is heavier, more comfortable. Tertis slithers, Cohen (piano) best in slow mvt. Primrose is best of the four.
MOZART, PIANO QUARTET IN E FLAT, K.493. Budapest Quartet members; George Szell. Columbia M 669 (3) $4	A very fine job of balancing strings against piano. High fidelity, but gentle.	A—	Conductor Szell is a first-rate Mozart player, accurate, musical, without ostentation. This is tops in Mozart.
TCHAIKOWSKY, SYMPHONY #2 ("LITTLE RUSSIAN"). Mitropoulos, Minneapolis Symphony. Columbia M 573 (5) $6	Gorgeously clear, sharp, wide range recording, but acoustics on the dead side. Good stuff to make big noise on hi-fi machine!	A	Energetic playing of energetic music containing plenty of impressive hot air. Parts are fine, esp. Russian-sounding themes.
BOWLES, NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP; songs. Texts by Charles Henri Ford. Romolo de Spirito; Carrington Welch, pianist. DISC 730 (3 10") $2.93	The voice is unaccountably muffled, as in singing into a blanket. Piano not bad.	B+	An uneven group of art songs, with some fine moments. U. S. folk elements not well assimilated into serious *lied* style used here.

THE AMPLIFIER—I

THE amplifier, which enlarges tiny electrical signals into relatively huge ones, is the foundation of your equipment. If, as this column suggests, you plan to acquire the major sections of your record player in separate units, you should by all means begin here. The amplifier is the weak link in most small radios and phonographs; for to amplify with approximate accuracy is simple and cheap—but to make a really faithful replica of the electrical original, though hardly difficult, means a kind of unspectacular excellence of material and workmanship that lends itself badly to flashy advertising and mass production. A poor amplifier gives volume ("gain") at the expense of accuracy. It misses some tones entirely, is highly biased for or against others, and worse, it invents sounds that were never there; all of which adds up to unfaithful, distorted reproduction. The untrained ear may not recognize it as such but its presence is no less unpleasant; the record, or even the artist usually takes the blame!

You have your choice, according to your lights, of building your own, assembling a ready-to-build kit, or buying a completed amplifier unit, the price and trouble varying inversely. Many will prefer the last. But with competent supervision it is wonderful what a beginner with a knack for gadgetizing can put together. Before you become dangerously involved, I suggest a simple test. Buy one of the cheap ready-made one- or two-tube kits, for a simple amplifier or small radio. Everything is provided; instructions are complete. If this elementary proposition leaves you a shaken wreck, go no farther. If not, you may tackle a larger kit or even graduate to real construction. In which case, by all means, arrange for expert guidance. An amplifier is not merely assembled from a circuit diagram. The actual layout of the parts (with no special relation at all to the circuit diagram) is of vital concern, as is the arrangement and the order of wiring. (You may well wire yourself into the familiar painter's corner!) The final checking and adjustment—assuming no boners—is also for the expert. However, the actual work, for those temperamentally inclined, is slow, but not hard. And the cost in cash is extremely low.

(To be continued.)

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the Phoenix Nest

GRANDPA NELSON

GRANDPA NELSON'S laid away,
The long life done and the devil to pay.

He played his fiddle the day he died—
A ribald tune called "Charon's Ride"—

A-calling the numbers out of his head,
A-whooping and hollering till he was dead.

We bought him a pine box lined with gray,
And turfed him under for Judgment Day,

In his green-checked suit with a mourning band,
And his bow and his fiddle held in his hand.

And so he's lain a year or more
The daisies crowding around his door.

But now and then when the nights are still,
We hear a fiddling over the hill,

And high and clear, to trouble our slumbers,
A voice like Grandpa's, calling the numbers.

KAY LANG.

* * *

To appear late this summer is a new publication edited by James Schevill and published by Bern Porter. It will be called *Berkeley: A Journal of Modern Culture* and the first issue, now under way, will contain articles and stories by such well-known names as Frank Lloyd Wright, E. E. Cummings, Madeleine Milhaud, Howard O'Hagan, the late Sherwood Anderson, the late T. K. Whipple, and many more. The editor and publisher hope that with the cooperation of all interested people they can establish a publication which will point to the San Francisco Bay Region as an increasingly important center of cultural publishing. An interesting note on this is that subscription rates are $1 for five issues, or $2 for ten issues —the low price being made possible by the fact that the publication will be in newspaper format, more or less, though on better paper than newsprint. Those interested either in writing or subscribing for the publication may address James Schevill, 74 Tamalpais Road, Berkeley, California, or Bern Porter, 2303 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, California. The new publication plans to run feature articles on all the arts, foreign reports, short stories, poems, and plays.

* * *

IN RE DAFFODILS

"The later poet, or the later poet's sister, meet the earlier full tilt on the subject of daffodils."—George Saintsbury: "The Poetry of Herrick."

Ink is ink, not chemical silt,
And gives me cartoon thrills
When Herrick and Dorothy "meet full tilt
On the subject of daffodils."

DOVE DULCET.

* * *

Arthur Stringer's life of Rupert Brooke will be published in the coming fall. It has taken years of study and research. Richard Halliburton, the world-traveler, first decided to write a life of Brooke, but his Chinese junk was sunk in mid-Pacific before he could do it, and Mr. Stringer inherited the pictures, letters, and notes he had collected. Mr. Stringer's book will be published by Bobbs-Merrill. His work has involved long correspondence with John Masefield, Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Marsh, Cathleen Nesbitt, the Irish actress, Maurice Browne who produced Brooke's play "Lithuania," and others. Mr. Stringer tells me that Cathleen Nesbitt and Brooke had planned a marriage which was interrupted by Brooke's unexpectedly hurried dispatch to the Eastern Mediterranean. He also sends me Rupert Brooke's last poem with the following notation:

Rupert Brooke, whose life was cut short during the Dardanelles Expedition, in the First World War, had long had a prescience of his early death. But a few days before his passing, when the transport *Grantully Castle* was steaming through the Aegean towards Skyros, he penned a sonnet that must be accepted as his farewell to life.

That sonnet, written in the solitude of his cabin, was later inscribed on the *Grantully Castle*'s log, and still later abstracted by, presumably, some unknown lover of poetry. It might have been lost to the world had not a fellow-officer who was impressed by the solemn beauty of those valedictory lines taken the trouble to commit them to memory.

Two years later he happened to recite the sonnet to another lover of Rupert Brooke, Dr. George Jameson Carr, who as malariologist of the British Army had met the golden-haired young poet in an English army camp. Dr. Carr promptly and wisely committed the fourteen lines to paper. These hitherto unpublished lines have been passed on to the writer of this article. They read as follows:

Of all emotions that are tense and strong,
And utmost knowledge, I have lived for these:
Live deep, and let the lesser things live long,
The everlasting hills, the lakes, the trees,
Who'd give their thousand years to sing this song
Of life and man's high sensibilities
Which I into the face of Death can sing.
O Death, thou poor and disappointed thing,
Strike when thou wil'st, strike breast or brow,
For I have *lived*, and thou can'st rob me now
Only of some long life that ne'er has been.
The life that I have lived, so full and keen,
Is *mine*. I hold it firm beneath thy blow,
And dying, take it with me where I go!

A few days after this sonnet was written Rupert Brooke's sorrowing fellow-officers buried him, at midnight, in a lonely olive-grove on the island of Skyros. It was a burial as hurried as his passing, for the fleet was under orders to sail at dawn, headed for the ill-fated adventure at Gallipoli. But the fact that it was the last poem the author of "The Soldier" was destined to write makes doubly poignant this premonitory cry of defiance against the darkness that was so soon to close about him.

ARTHUR STRINGER.

* * *

PATRICIAN

She always wore her gloves,
The starched forbidding mesh
A barrier between
Her palm and baser flesh.

She couldn't wear her gloves
Into the Promised Land—
I wonder how she shook
St. Peter's humble hand.

JOHN NIXON, JR.

* * *

LAMENT

I would not have the critics sét,
"He has the power of Benét."
Nor would I warp my verses saud
They'd hold the madness of Rimbaud
Or place such murky symbols thaire
As once were shaped by Baudelaire,
Nor yet the chaos of Gert Stein's.
Far rather would I pen such leins
As the Godhead, Lewis Carroll . . .
But woe alack, my muse is starroll.

THEODORE R. COGSWALL.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 693

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

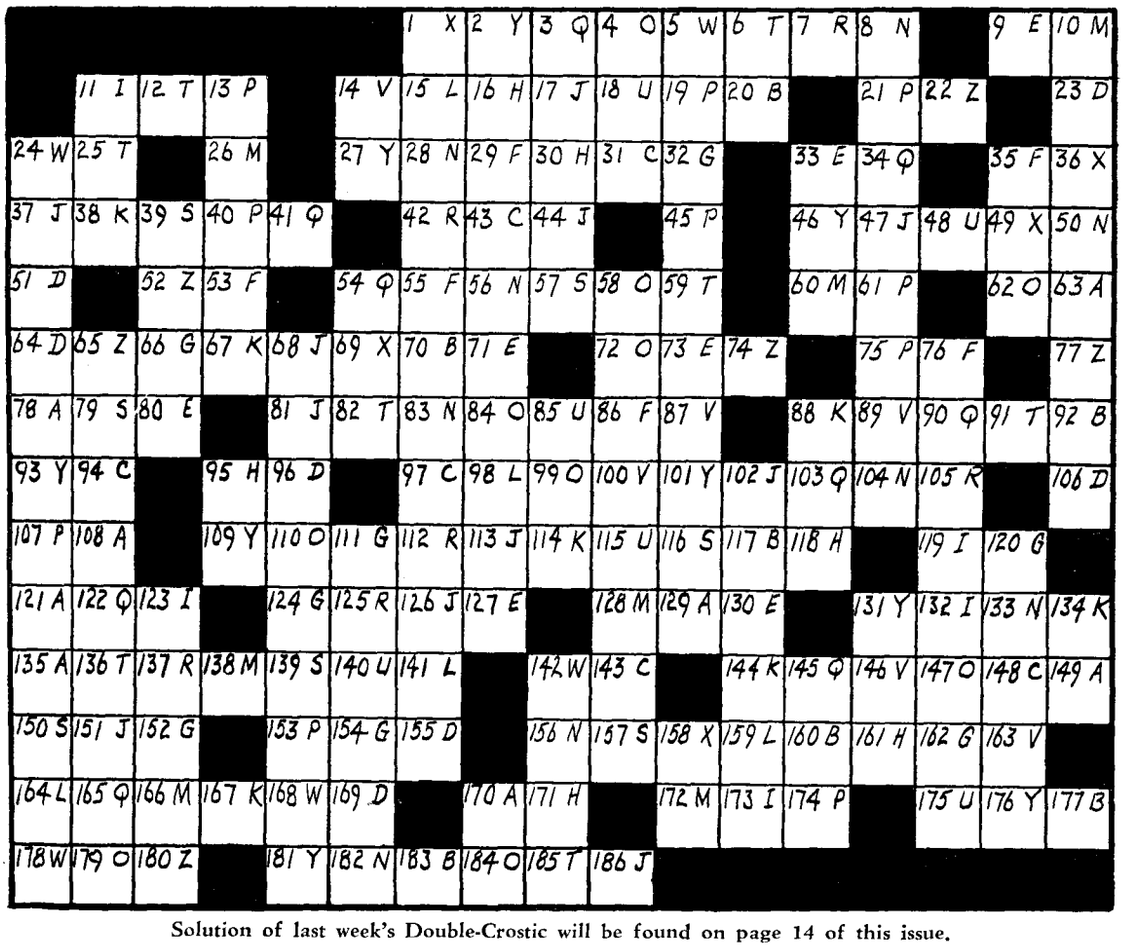
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The bank of a canal opposite, and corresponding to, the towpath.	129 108 63 135 121 78 170 149
B. Character in "Hamlet."	117 177 160 92 70 20 183
C. A seer who defeated Calchas in a prophecy contest (Gr. Myth.).	31 143 97 148 43 94
D. Figuratively, an inactive or static condition.	155 23 106 169 96 64 51
E. A hyalogen, the chief component of edible birds' nests (Biochem.).	73 130 33 71 80 9 127
F. Banters; makes fun of good-naturedly.	35 29 55 76 53 86
G. Small heavy-coated dog like a Pomeranian but larger, long used in Holland on the barges.	111 32 66 162 154 120 152 124
H. Anglo-Saxon goddess from whom our Easter is derived.	30 171 16 95 161 118
I. Italian economist and statesman, abroad after advent of Fascists. (1868-).	132 173 119 123 11
J. To be badly beaten or left behind (Slang; 3 wds.).	44 113 81 17 37 151 126 47 186 102 68
K. Alters the expression of.	144 88 114 134 167 38 67
L. Levels; lays smooth.	98 159 141 164 15
M. The Great Mother (Persian Relig.).	26 10 166 172 60 128 138
N. Scathing; cruel.	133 50 56 28 156 83 182 8 104
O. Unrestrained; immoderate.	4 99 72 62 84 184 110 147 179 58
P. Conjectural; skillful in conjecturing.	174 153 75 40 107 45 13 61 21 19
Q. Legally enforceable.	145 90 34 165 54 41 122 103 3
R. Opera by Von Weber (1826; overture popular today).	7 42 105 137 125 112
S. Imperfect or undeveloped fruits.	79 39 116 139 150 157 57
T. Animal, emblem of longevity in China.	25 82 185 12 91 6 59 136
U. Character in "Midsummer Night's Dream."	175 85 140 48 18 115
V. Exhausted of energy; worn out with age.	14 146 89 163 87 100
W. English historian (1794-1871; "History of Greece," in 8 vols.).	5 178 24 142 168
X. The most conspicuous constellation in the heavens.	36 1 158 49 69
Y. In a condition of extreme want.	181 2 27 46 131 93 109 101 176
Z. Former name of the Bermuda Islands.	22 52 77 74 65 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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p. 380-381, AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Theodore Roosevelt. ***Scribners***

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